

1914

The Norm, 1914-02

Oregon Normal School

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The Norm

OREGON NORMAL SCHOOL

**Commencement Number
February, 1914**

THE NORM

Oregon Normal School

MONMOUTH, OREGON

Vol. III. No. III.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

FEBRUARY, 1914

Oregon Normal School Faculty

J. H. ACKERMAN
President

ALABAMA BRENTON
Art

J. B. V. BUTLER
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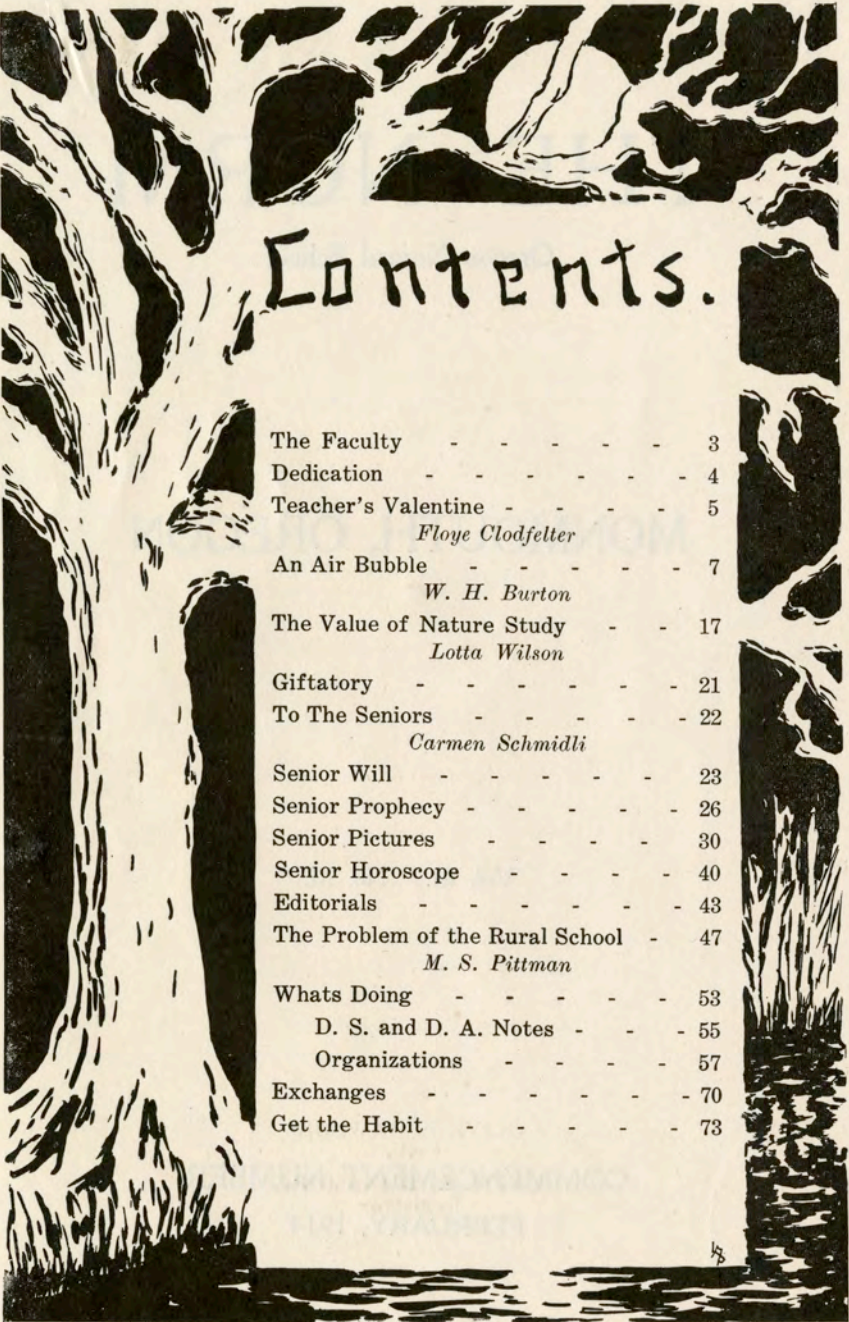
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GRACE M. DAVIS
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Critic

KATIE R. DUNSMORE
Registrar

JESSICA S. TODD
Matron of Dormitory



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TO
MISS LAURA HALL KENNON
WHOSE NEVER-TIRING HELPFUL SPIRIT
HAS MADE OUR WORK WORTH WHILE
WE, THE NORM STAFF
GRATEFULLY DEDICATE THIS BOOK



THE NORM. 4

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1914

No. 3

Teacher's Valentine



W, RUTH, whatcha trying to make? I do believe the little deah is trying to make a valentine fur sweet little tootsums of a teacher." Jack, hand on heart, made a mocking bow to his little sister and slid through the open door just in time to escape a magazine which the "deah" pitched at him.

"Children!" ejaculated mother, looking up from her mending. "Papa, do tend to 'em when I'm so busy!"

The last mentioned merely grunted and went on with his paper.

Jack peered around the corner of the door and keeping his body well behind it retorted: "I'll bet two bits she won't like an old home-made one. Marion's going to buy a swell fifty-cent valentine for her, and so's the other kids. I ain't going to waste nothin' much on her. Looky here." He held up a bright yellow caricature of a large-headed, fluffy-skirted damsel vainly pursuing a crowd of men whose heels were the prominent feature. After duly making a face and yelling derisively, the boy slammed the door and ran away to play "Run, Sheep, Run."

Ruth burst into tears and sought solace in the empty parlor where she flung herself on the sofa. She heard her mother's tired voice, "You might give the child some money. It's nice for her to give something to the teacher."

"Um, nice enough," father looked up from his paper long

enough to say, "Those kids eternally want something for her. First it's Christmas presents, and now this. She's paid for her work and that's plenty."

No help from that quarter. Ruth stopped crying and thought it over. Jack's remarks were true. "Horrid thing," she said to herself, "to give a comic two-for-a-cent to Sweet-Teacher-with-the-dimples," whom almost everyone adored, and whom she knew her brother liked in his boy fashion. "But what can I do?" She stared dejectedly around, and her eyes fell on her empty bird cage. She thought of her canary, for which she had mourned. She had given a grand funeral, and even written some touching poetry when it had come to an untimely end by means of a stone thrown through the window. Then came the idea, "Why not write some verses to Sweet-teacher-with-the-dimples?" Grandma had praised her other poetic attempts, and grandpa called her a little poet. Also her chums had wept copiously when she read at the funeral:

Our little bird is here no more
His home is up in heaven
His little cage all empty stands,
And we that weep are seven.

There had been only five, she reflected, but poetry couldn't always be truthful and rhyme, too.

The more she considered it, the more feasible the plan appeared. Before she went to bed that night the first verse, with the exception of a perplexing word, was written.

By St. Valentine's Day the verses were written, seventeen in all. Then Ruth, after copying them carefully in her childish handwriting, tied a pink ribbon around them and put them in the postoffice which the older children had constructed at school.

That evening when Sweet Teacher, perplexed and worried after a particularly trying day, read:

Don't mind the bad boys when they give
A two-for-a-cent valentine;
For most the kids gave you one
That cost 'bout five times nine (cents).

The dimples returned, and she laughed aloud when she came to the closing verse:

Sweet Teacher, I send this valentine
With bushels and tons of love;
And may you keep on smiling
Till we meet in heaven above.

The next morning, after thanking her pupils for the many valentines she had received, she said, "But the one I particularly liked was one that showed a great deal of love and careful thought. It was a beautiful poem written to me.

The children stared amazed at each other, but Ruth saw Sweet Teacher-with-the-dimples in full force smiling at her, and she was very happy.

FLOYE CLODFELTER.

"An Air Bubble"

By Will H. Burton



ANG it all! I certainly wish something would happen! If you moon over your fool records and statistics much longer without a well-tangled robbery or kidnapping case to unravel, someone will be solving the case of your disappearance and find that you wandered off in a fit of mental aberration."

Professor Taylor's exasperated remarks were directed across the breakfast table at Doctor Girot, the world famous criminal psychologist with whom he lived. The doctor will be remembered as the expatriated Frenchman, who, having to leave France on account of his revolutionary ideas regarding the treatment of criminals, came to London, and in five years achieved an international reputation by the solution of seemingly impossible crimes which baffled the best talent from Scotland Yard. He is reputed to have brought to book, single-handed, more criminals than the detective bureaus of the five capitals of Europe.

Eccentric, and embittered by his treatment at the hands of his countrymen, he lived alone in a world of crime and criminals, reports, figures and statistics, and was happy only when unraveling a tangled skein of men's deeds and misdeeds. His only intimate was the professor, a broken down medical man, whom he had picked up and kept with him since his early arrival in England.

"And if you're going to look that way about it," snapped the professor, irritated anew at the obviously bored air with which the doctor was pretending to eat, "I'll wish that someone would rob the bank of England, or throw someone in the river, or murder——"

"Well, maybe you have gotten your wish," observed the doctor, as he arose and stepped into the study to answer the telephone, which had cut off Professor Taylor's reproofs.

Before he had listened to the one-sided conversation a minute he knew that he had indeed gotten his wish and was busily gathering the "kit" which Girot always took with him on expeditions of the kind; two seven-shot automatics, a case containing a tape line, some chalk, three high-power microscopes and two sharp scalpels.

"Push the taxi button and get ready," said Girot, meanwhile pulling on his greatcoat and stuffing the kit into its capacious pockets, "You wished better that you knew, friend Professor; this promises to be the best yet; tell you all about it in the cab."

Settled in the speeding taxi, he briefly outlined the case as given him over the phone by Inspector Bourne of the Central office. "You know Samuels, the millionaire diamond merchant? Murdered in his bedroom last night some time. Discovered this morning. £1,500 gone out of small bedroom safe, number of jewels and uncut stones left untouched. No clues or traces, room not disordered."

"H'm, sounds very much like any other robbery and murder case, observed Taylor.

"Exactly, except for one item," and the doctor's eyes and voice betrayed his intense excitement, **they don't know how he was murdered.**"

"What? Impossible——"

"Nothing is impossible with these London police," retorted Girot sarcastically, "but we shall see what we shall see."

The cab stopped before an iron-gated driveway leading to a mansion surrounded by a full block of shrubbery and lawn. A first quick glance of examination drew an exclamation of satisfaction from Girot. Two bluecoats were on guard, but behind the high stone wall out of sight of passers-by. The location of the house and the fact that few knew as yet of the crime was going to make possible a thorough examination of the premises before they were trampled over by police and curiosity seekers.

Proceeding up the gravel walk, the two were met on the porch by the inspector, with two officers and the coroner.

"I've made a close examination of the grounds immediately around the house and found nothing," said the inspector, who had profited by previous observations of Girot's methods, "and besides, every window in the room was locked on the inside."

"Pardon my seeming rudeness, Inspector," gravely observed the doctor, "but with your permission I will take a run around the house myself. Which is the room?"

The main part of the house faced the north, with a small ell running to the east, and the murdered man's room was the first room in this ell from the main building.

A speedy inspection revealed nothing suspicious, and the inspector led the way upstairs, grinning triumphantly. The room was in perfect order, curtains drawn, rugs in place, the door of the small wall safe open and one of the drawers on the floor in front of it. The murdered man lay on the bed, seemingly asleep, with the color scarcely gone from his face.

"You say absolutely nothing has been touched," asked Girot, after an examination of the room.

"Absolutely nothing. Carter, Samuels' man, discovered something wrong when he arrived at the usual time, and summoned young Samuels, who sleeps in the other end of the building. Not another soul has been in except myself, a patrolman left on guard, and Coroner Davies here."

"And what did you find?" he questioned, turning to Davies.

"Well, that's the funny part of it," replied the coroner, lowering his voice, "except for three small bruises received yesterday morning, there isn't a mark upon the body, and absolutely no evidence to indicate murder. But there's the money gone and healthy men don't just cease going over night like that."

"Professor Taylor will assist you in making another examination right away, while I examine the servants in the library."

The coroner looked sourly at the professor as Girot and the inspector started out.

"Hullo! What's this?" pointing to the broken door.

"Why, yes. We had to break the door down to get in. He naturally locked his side door last night," explained the inspector.

But Girot was gazing at the door with a bewildered expression. "Yes, he'd naturally lock the door, but, friend Inspector, do you suppose he got up and **locked the door or the windows either after he was dead?**" The door had been locked on the inside, and so had the windows. If the case had been a mystery before, it was doubly so now. A man had been murdered, no one knew how, £1,500 stolen from the room which is locked both doors and windows from the inside.

A short examination of the butler, housekeeper and Carter, the murdered man's personal servant, added nothing. They had seen and heard nothing during the night, and the first intimation of anything wrong was when Carter failed to gain admission or an answer to his knocks. Samuels, Jr., had been summoned and the door forced open.

Young Samuels was next examined, since his mother and sister, having been absent, had not yet arrived home. The heir apparent to the Samuels millions was a sallow-faced nervous young man, ostensibly studying medicine, but rumor had it, studying new ways to spend his father's money.

He entered smoking a cigarette and sat down facing the detective. Apparently unnerved by what had happened, he twisted nervously in his chair, crossing and uncrossing his legs and gripping the chair arm. His yellowed fingers and shifty eyes had betrayed his excessive use of cigarettes. He answered the same questions as the servants, and only corroborated their answers.

"Alright, I'll call you if I need you again," with which Girot dismissed the young man and went up to get the result of the second examination by the coroner and Taylor.

"Not a mark, Doctor, and as far as I could make superficial

examinations and tests there is not a trace of poison. He has three small bruises, one above the elbow and two on the knees, sustained yesterday in tripping over the lower steps. Carter swears they were there last night."

Girot received the report in silence and began another searching examination of the room which ended at the broken door with nothing to reward it. There he stood idly running his thumb along the splintered edge and looking at the lock tongue still protruding from its brass case.

A sudden exclamation called the attention of the others. The doctor was down on his knees hunting for something.

"See if you can find the key to the door, will you; it probably fell out when the door was broken open."

A close and long-continued search, however, failed to bring to light the missing key.

"Go down, Taylor, and ask Carter if he took it, and if not, have him ask the other servants if they have, as they might have picked it up in the excitement."

The key was not to be had. But Girot laughed happily. "The first clue, gentlemen," and he ran down stairs, leaving Taylor and the coroner as mystified as ever. Soon they observed him from the window, walking about the lawn in a seemingly erratic manner, every once in awhile taking a sight at their window and evidently lining it up with some other point. After fifteen minutes of this he returned to the house and sent for the younger Samuels. After a few questions regarding the house, hours and servants, Girot seemingly gave over the case for the time being, and made an effort to get the young man's mind off the tragedy.

"Rather an aromatic cigarette you smoke, is it not? I don't recognize it?" he observed, casually.

"No, I guess you wouldn't," answered the young man, seemingly glad to talk of anything but the tragedy, "they're 'Makar-offs,' an imported Russian cigarette. See, here's the name on the mouthpiece. You can hardly buy them here and I guess I'm the only fellow at the 'Medics Club' that uses them."

"You belong to the 'Medics'? Pretty gay lot, arent you?"

"Oh, yes, we raise a little dust after hours, but then what's all day's hard work for but an excuse for a little fun afterwards?"

"Rather crowd the limit, though, don't you, sometimes?" smiled Girot. "Seems to me I've heard wild tales of big stakes at 'Rouge et Noir' and that American game, 'Poker,' is it not?"

"Well, yes," sheepishly admitted Samuels, "but then what's that about a young man and his wild oats? A certain amount of that has to go on, I suppose."

"M'm, must take considerable money to keep that up, though, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes, but the old man—I mean father, has usually supplied

that liberally enough, that is—well, he usually did, “until just lately.”

“So! Began to tighten up on you, did he?”

Oh, no, that is, not until—well, he didn’t exactly—Oh, he said I was spending too much, that’s all,” finished the young man, hurriedly.

“Well, let’s not talk about that now,” replied Girot, kindly. “Will you please go up and send Professor Taylor down? I suppose you will be here all in case I need you?”

On the Professor’s entrance Girot closed the door and, lowering his voice, directed Taylor to take young Samuels for a walk or drive immediately after dinner.

“See that you keep him away two hours at least. Meanwhile I’m going down town. Let no one into the room on any pretext.”

* * * * *

Immediately after the brief luncheon Taylor suggested a drive as a means of cheering Samuels up and keeping his mind off what had happened until his mither and sister should arrive. After a little urging from Girot he consented and the two departed. No sooner were they off than the Doctor was in the young man’s room making a quick, but thorough examination of every drawer and shelf. Nearly an hour’s close scrutiny had brought nothing to light and Girot was about to believe that he was on the wrong track when, with an exclamation of delight, he discovered in a box of handkerchiefs a small hypodermic needle. Concealing this in his pocket he returned down stairs to await the return of the Professor. So skilfully had his work been done that no evidence of his rummaging showed.

* * * * *

The doctor was as uncommunicative on the journey back to the bachelor apartment and answered all the Professor’s impatient questionings with a simple, “after supper.”

Later, established in the study with the green-covered work table between them, he grinned tantalizingly across at the impatient Professor.

“Well, out with it! Why, you old wizard, you look like you had the whole thing solved and filed away with the others of its class.”

“Our friend Professor becomes a mind reader!” chuckled Girot, “yes, I have solved it. I know who did it, when, why, and with what, but how—well, you are going to tell me that.” With which Girot placed on the table the hypodermic needle and stood back to enjoy Taylor’s look of astonishment.

“I tell you how,” exclaimed the Professor, “now I know your your figures and books have affected your mind! You study the biggest mystery in years for a few hours and know all about it and then I am to tell you what you don’t know!” Taylor’s face was a study of incredulity and astonishment.

"I will tell you. And then you must do as I tell you. Samuels was murdered at about midnight last night by some one who knew that he had money in the safe. He used this needle which now you are to examine in the lab. to tell me what was used," quickly explained Girot, unable to resist the temptation to be a little dramatic at this time.

Silenced and more bewildered than ever by this remarkable recital, the professor picked up the needle and started for the small experimental laboratory in the rear of the house. Stopping for a moment under the light to examine the instrument he turned to Girot with the expression of a man who has about all the mystery he can stand.

"Now of course, Doctor, this needle may have been thoroughly cleaned and sterilized, but it is highly improbable, considering the time and circumstances, but I am nearly sure it has never been used. In fact, I am almost ready to say that it is a brand new one just out of the case."

It was Girot's turn to look mystified. He saw his well-built chain of evidence ready to snap at this one link. Snatching the needle from Taylor, he subjected it to a searching examination and at last sat down before the log fire with it in his hand.

"I believe you're right," slowly, "maybe I am all wrong. No, I can't be. There are too many other evidences—the locked door—but maybe—well—then the cigarette stubs—No! By God, I am right! He did do it! But how?"

Discouraged and almost ready to throw aside his carefully built evidence, he sat for an hour before the fire, idly toying with the needle which had so easily punctured his case when he had depended on it to sew the parts together all the more closely. Taylor was about to slip off to bed, knowing better than to disturb his friend in one of his reveries, when he was startled by a terrible French oath from the Doctor who leapt up and jerking him from his chair began shouting an almost incoherent string of words.

"I've got it! I've got it! But no! It can't be. The fiendish ingenuity of the man is unbelievable! Yes, I must be right. I said, friend Professor, that you should tell me how it was done, and you shall," raced the Doctor. "Quick! Your pathology! God! You're slow! I wish I was a doctor, really, and not in name only. I can't recall—Tell me quick, what is an embolus—a blood clot—Tell me the ways they may be formed—how do they travel in the circulatory system—where would they go—could they reach the heart—what would happen?"

The Professor tried to break in once or twice to say that he could give the information without the text, but the wildly excited Doctor raced on unhearing until his questions were exhausted.

"An embolus, or blood clot, is an intravascular obstruction from the lodgment of some foreign body. Usually a dislodged

portion of a thrombus, especially those that occur in the valves of the heart. Other emboli may be formed by the cells of malignant tumors, masses of bacteria, blood parasites—,

"Get on! Get on! Leave out the technicalities, man! Any one'd think you were a school teacher—"

"—or may be formed," calmly continued the Professor, all unaware of the effect he was having on the excitable doctor, "by particles of fat or air—"

"By air, you say? I'm right! I'm right!" shouted Girot, grasping Taylor's arm, "Quick, tell me how they are formed and what would happen."

"Well, its hardly possible for that kind of an emboli to form, but if air could be brought in contact with the blood a small embolus or blood-clot would form and start on its way through the system and might lodge in the heart, lungs, or other vital organ—"

"The heart," broke in Girot.

"—Arriving at the heart," continued Taylor, "it would enter through the right auricular opening and would probably pass that and start through the right auriculo-ventricular opening from the right auricle to the right ventricle, preparatory to going up to the lungs, but would probably stick in the tricuspid valve which controls this opening—"

"Yes, and then what?" asked Girot, tensely.

"Well, it would, being stationary, gather more blood and a larger clot would be formed, which would either hold the valve wide open or close it entirely, makes no difference which, the result would be a quiet stoppage of the heart action and death—Oh, great God in Heaven! You don't mean that!" broke off Taylor, in horror, as he suddenly connected his words with the needle on the table in front of him.

"Yes, just that!" observed the now calm Doctor. "The murderer introduced an air bubble into a vein with the needle and—well, you've just told me the rest."

The two gazed at each other across the table, with the needle between them. A new, fiendish, almost unbelievable and practically undiscoverable way of killing men had been evolved. Girot laughed at Taylor's speechless amazement.

"But, Doctor, I made a careful examination of the body and am ready to stake my life there was not a mark, except the bruises. I looked for a needle mark, suspecting poison."

"Tomorrow take your microscope and look again. Strtech the skin tightly and observe the three bruises. In one, probably near the elbow, you'll find the puncture. The murderer cleverly used the bruise to conceal his work."

"But how did you hit on the air embolus solution?" again asked the still skeptical Professor, "and upon whom are you going to fasten such a horrible crime?"

"In answer to the first, it was largely inspiration. My finger got in front of the needle as I worked the piston up and down and the puff of air blowing against it time and again suddenly flashed to my mind the idea that other things than poison could be injected by this means. This air embolus naturally followed. As to your second question, the guilty man—well," tantalized Girot, of that—tomorrow." And with that he retired, leaving the astonished Professor to a sleepless night of speculation.

* * * * *

After an early and hasty breakfast, Girot called the central office. "Inspector Bourne, please—Girot speaking—meet me at Samuel's mansion in thirty minutes—and, by the way, bring your handcuffs, as I will have the prisoner there, too," he concluded, unable to resist the temptation to hurl a verbal bombshell into the inspector's office.

Arriving at the house, Girot and the Professor were met by a highly excited inspector and a squad of bluecoats.

"What did you mean—how can you possibly—where—who—I don't see," began Bourne, only to be waved aside.

"Come into the library, all of you, and send for Samuels. And you, my friend," turning on the inspector, "do exactly as you are told, however absurd it may seem or you may lose your prisoner at last."

Samuels entered and walked into the middle of the group. Girot waited a moment to get the most dramatic setting. Pointing to the young man he said, quietly:

"There's your man. Take him."

The effect was tremendous. The policemen and Samuels stood petrified. Bourne was astounded, but, remembering Girot's injunction, laid his hand on the young man's shoulder. "In the name of the King—"

"Why, what do you mean?" shouted Samuels, starting forward, "you crazy investigator—you're unbalanced—do you know what you say—my own father—why, damn you—and you," shaking off the inspector's hand, "how dare you—where's your warrant—the word of an idiot, the lot of you are crazy—where's your proof—how do you connect me with—"

"Sit down," ordered Girot, sternly. "You're nearly right in thinking you couldn't be connected with your awful deed, but I can prove every step. I may be crazy—unbalanced—but not too crazy to unravel the cleverest murder on record. Do you still deny it?"

Incoherent profanity was Samuels' only reply.

"Listen! You murdered your father shortly after midnight using a hypodermic needle with which to inject an air bubble into the veins. This sooner or later clogged the heart action and a seemingly natural death resulted."

Samuels' knuckles whitened as he grasped the table edge. The policemen drew closer.

"Go on."

"You admitted yesterday that you played for heavy stakes at the "Medics Club." I investigated there and found you to be nearly £1000 in debt. You knew also that your father had more than that amount in his safe that night. There was the motive. You told me your father retired punctually at 11. At that time you went out in the garden to see if the light was out. You watched for fifteen minutes from the clump of shrubbery near the gate—how do I know you were there and how long?—why my friend I found three cigarette stubs there. Here they are, Makar-offs, which you proudly told me were smoked only by yourself. In the course of half an hour's conversation with me you smoked six, three, therefore, show about a fifteen minute wait—then about midnight you went up, and putting to use your knowledge of medicine—well, I told you the rest of it first."

A full minute's tense silence followed this remarkable recital.

"But, Doctor," burst in the inspector, "the evidence is beautifully complete, except for fastening it onto the young man here. The connective evidence is purely circumstantial and I don't see—"

"Yes, a beautiful theory, but only a theory," cried Samuels, grasping wildly at a last chance, "All possible, but why honor me with the leading part?"

"You still deny your guilt? Bah! My young friend I have dealt with these affairs for years and I find this to be an infallible criminal axiom: that every criminal always makes at least one mistake or leaves one clew—"

"And mine was—?"

"You made your fatal mistake when you locked your father's door on the outside and took the key away with you. You remembered that he usually locked it, but forgot to see if the windows were locked also. When I discovered that I knew it to be an inside job and by the process of elimination you were the only person who could have done it. Discovering the motive and following up the evidence was child's play. Crime never pays because of that one ever-present mistake—,"

"Yes, I made one mistake, but I'll never make another, nor will you," shrieked Samuels, leaping to his feet and thrusting his hand into his coat pocket.

Quick as a flash Girot had the young man pinned to the floor with his knees upon the pocketed hand. Bourne slipped the handcuffs on and pulled a small automatic pistol from the coat pocket.

"Guess you saved me a prisoner and your own life at the same time, Doctor," he observed.

"Yes, I noticed his pocket sagged when he entered and was watching for this play all the time. Come, Professor, let's go home."

A Picture of Memory



N MEMORY'S gall'ry of pictures,
There is one that is fairest of all,
And time cannot fade its colors,
Or place it beyond my recall.

A forest that's dark and mighty,
Crowns an ancient and rock-scarred old hill.
While far below in the valley
A swift-flowing stream turns a mill.

There stands a lowly gray cottage
On the sunny old hillside,
Overlooking the wide green valley
Where the bluest of violets hide.

Its roof is dappled with mosses,
Its walls all decayed, all warped and all worn,
But an air of brave sunny cheer
Forbids that you think it forlorn.

A long porch looks to the eastward,
Where by rambling rose vines are hung,
Where the little humming bird buzzes
Round the tiny nest of her young.

The wide old path to the gateway
Is bordered by fair fragrant flowers,
Dearest to hearts of childhood,
Where so gaily sped sunny hours.

Ah, sweet were the days I spent there,
And sweet to me the memory; yet
That paints for me that beautiful picture
In hues that I cannot forget.

G. L. '14.

The Value of Nature Study to the Child in Maturer Years



THE QUESTION "What is education?" was satisfactorily answered by Spencer when he said, "Education is preparation for complete living." Complete living in our day and age means vastly more than it did in the primitive times. The increase in population and the drifting of that population to the cities brings up many complex problems for the present generation to solve. As civilization advances, the period of preparation for life increases, thus more thoroughly equipping the child with greater ability to solve the problems of the age. The question which confronts us in education is, "What subjects best bring about the end we are seeking to attain?" It has been said "A correct philosophy of the world and of life is impossible to a person only on the basis of a knowledge of one's self and one's relation to the surrounding nature." This knowledge is obtained from Nature study, for "Nature study is learning those things that are best worth knowing, to the end of doing those things that make life most worth living." What things are best worth knowing is shown by the relations that the race has seen fit to develop toward Nature since the beginning.

To realize the value of Nature study we have only to look around us to see the results and benefits already attained through it. These values may be classed under five heads: economic, aesthetic, educational, ethical and social, and religious.

The economic value is one that is now rapidly growing in importance. The money value, a value understood by the entire race, is the trunk upon which many of the higher values depend, for some degree of material wealth must be obtained before art, science and literature can develop. What is true with the race is generally true with the man as an individual. He must first supply for himself shelter, food and clothing for bodily comfort. When this is obtained he naturally turns to the higher things in life to satisfy mind and soul.

We hear much these days of scientific farming, which is directly an outgrowth of a new interest in nature and its possibilities. The educated man is able to get from his land a greater yield, a better quality of crops, and consequently a higher price for his products than his untaught neighbor. He has been taught the harmful things in Nature, the insect pests, injurious animals, troublesome weeds, and fungous and bacterial diseases, so that he may more successfully exterminate them, thus both helping himself individually and the entire community. The study of bacteria and its relation to disease aids him in the prevention and control of contagious diseases with practical methods of disinfection. In thickly settled countries this is highly important.

The aesthetic value of Nature study is a higher value, for after the necessities of life are secured man naturally turns to the beautiful to satisfy his nature. The beauty of Nature is her only free gift, but this gift is most lavishly bestowed upon the owners of observing eyes, trained ears and sympathetic heart. This appreciation expressed in the beautifying of a man's own home, the improvement of the entire community, and the protection of natural beauties. Again this finds expression in the creation of new beauties to satisfy the eye. Besides appealing to the eye, Nature responds to the trained ear. The songs of the birds and insects, the hum of the wind through the trees, all have their meaning and message to the lover of Nature. She shows no partiality, but freely gives her beauties to the rich and poor alike, to the child and to the man, to the strong and to the weak. If the eyes and the heart of the child are trained, all the beauty and harmony of Nature are his for life. For complete living man seems to require the influence which Nature gives. Its complete harmony and beauty act as medicine on his tired body and restore and rest him as no other agent can do. The best poems, the greatest paintings and the most perfect statuary have been inspired by Nature. Emerson says, "Nothing divine dies. All good is eternally reproductive. The beauty of Nature reforms itself in the mind and not for barren contemplation, but for new creation."

The educational importance of Nature study is equally as great as the other values. Doing something with Nature has ever formed a large part in the education of man, which can be provided for in no other way. The ability of the mind to grasp a new situa-

tion and to obtain new knowledge depends upon the ideas with which it is associated; the strongest associations are those related to the natural and spontaneous activities of the child. These associations he has received principally through his experiences with Nature. Interest is the first great step toward attaining knowledge. Nature is the great mother of interests, for she responds to the hands, feet, eyes, ears; to the mind and the soul of man. It is Nature through which the chief education of the human race has been obtained during all ages. Literature has grown up and around the things of Nature to such an extent that much of our best literature can not be properly appreciated until the allusions to Nature are understood. The instincts of the child, from his infancy, are those of search and investigation. "The mind seeks truth as the body seeks for food." If this characteristic is encouraged and directed through contact and research with Nature, the mind becomes active, living and creating. These truly are the types of minds that our country needs today.

What subject better teaches man correct habits and ideal relations of man to man than Nature? Here we find its ethical and social value. Men are organic units, not bundles of faculties. It is impossible to train any one faculty without influencing and affecting the entire human being. The moment we begin to deal with Nature, actively or directly, our relations become positive, and a wonderful influence begins to act upon us. Property ownership, or the production of natural commodities immediately put the individual on the side of law and order in the community. Patience, persistence, self-denial, self-restraint, endurance and the will to work, are at the basis of all human development; these characteristics are the result of the earliest contacts with Nature.

No man can seriously care for fifty acres of land without unconsciously forming a character. He will learn to watch the seasons and make the most of them. He will learn the subordination of self to the conditions of success which is the moral product of serious application to the task. In the end he will get a greater moral than material return from his stubborn acres, "for every hour of real toil leaves its impress on the toiler." Nature is man's moral director; she refuses to make a pauper of him by freely giving into his hands the necessities of life, or to weaken him by disclosing treasures or laws which he has not the ability to under-

stand. She requires the planting of the seed before the harvest; the cutting down of the trees before the building of the home, and long, and patient observations and experiments before the discovery of such forces as steam and electricity. At every point character is the result of man's contact with Nature.

Nature truly serves man greatly, for no one can truly love Nature without loving its Maker. If we gain a sincere love for the study of Nature, we are laying the surest foundation for a religious character. The creative effort for good is at the base of all Nature study; we are continually striving to get better results from Nature, and trying to preserve that which is best. This same purpose or aim is the fundamental conception of all religious growth. The individual who by creative effort strives to bring happiness, help and enjoyment to others is truly a Christian. The nearer he is to the heart of Nature, the more clearly he seems to see the plan of the universe, to see God working in the world from its dark beginning to its glorious end. Nature is the message God sends to man, showing him the right path and helping him to get a broad and liberal view of life. We agree with Emerson the poet when he said, "Every spirit builds itself a house and beyond its house a world, and beyond its world a heaven. Know, then, that the world exists for you. For you is the phenomenon perfect."

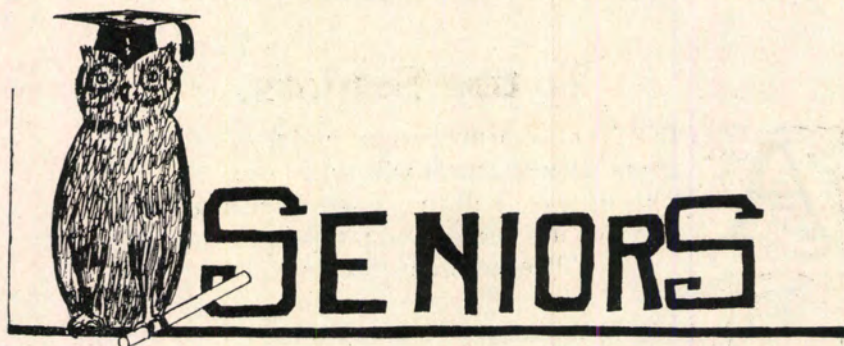
LOTTA WILSON, Feb. '14.



My Valentine

A very small card,
Some gay paper lace
Wee hearts and white doves,
A bright cupid's face,
A little love note
In golden line,
'Tis treasured dearly—
My old valentine.

G. L. '14.



Giftatory

We, the members of the class of February, 1914, feel that we have a due appreciation of art; but having seen pictures and pieces of statuary that had been given to schools by graduating classes taken down and stored away so that preferable ones or more recently acquired ones could be put in their places, we have decided that we should give to the school from which we are going neither of these.

Although we love the trees and shrubs, we have decided not to plant one of these, which but few may enjoy and time may efface.

Because of our modesty, we have decided to leave neither our names nor date of graduation engraved on a tablet of stone.

But in the hope that we may help the Oregon Normal School increase its service to the state, we have decided to leave a gift which will not be relegated to the storehouse, which will extend its benefits to many, and which will be used to the end of time. We have voted to tax ourselves to raise a sum of money to be added to the Student Loan Fund of the Oregon Normal School. We now offer it to the one who is properly authorized to take it in charge.

To the Seniors



CROWD of students bright and gay,
From normal school will turn away.
This dear old hall they'll leave for aye.
Oh, who are these good people, pray?
The February Seniors.



A pile of notebooks high and wide,
Lining the desks from side to side,
Beneath their covers learning hide.
These precepts will the teaching guide
Of February Seniors.



Just nine and twenty in the class are there,
Some leaders bright, and students fair.
They're free from worry, free from care.
Have you yet seen a class so rare
As February Seniors?

The new year brings us white snow flake,
And rain that falls in a spreading lake;
But cold and wet can't make us quake,
If only New Year will not take
Our February Seniors.

In years to come their names will shine;
At school they've always been on time;
Their work has ever been so "fine,"
The school director says "You're mine,"
To February Seniors.

And then when all the glory's won,
And winter's work is almost done,
They'll think of Normal work and fun,
And to the summer school will come,
The February Seniors.

CARMEN SCHMIDLI

Last Will and Testament of the February Class of 1914



WE, THE February class of 1914, being of sound mind and body, and realizing that we are soon to bid farewell to our Alma Mater and friends, have prepared this our last will and testament, to be read at the time of our demise.

To President Ackerman we give and bequeath our pleasantest smiles, hoping thereby that he may receive the position of foreman in the Joy Factory.

To the faculty and Student Body we will and bequeath the new gymnasium. We trust that they will appreciate it greatly, for we remember the days of our trials with bumpy floors, and have provided that their future paths may be smooth and level.

We bequeath to the June Seniors the walk to the Training School and our remarkable speed. Said walk is to be used by them at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour or more, in order that they may reach their classes promptly.

To the Junior class we bequeath one pound of generosity, one and one-half pounds of humor, one pound of good nature and three-fourths of a pound of charity. The above ingredients are to be thoroughly mixed by the president of the class and put into capsules, the last week in April. At sunrise on May Day, 1914, the aforesaid class shall arise and assemble in the grove south of the Normal, where they shall receive from their president two capsules each, which are to be swallowed immediately. At noon the class shall again assemble in the grove, at which time they shall receive from their president two more capsules each, to be taken in the manner named above. Should the case prove severe, the president shall call the class together at six in the evening to administer a dose of three capsules each. A severe penalty shall be inflicted upon the president of the class if these directions are not carefully followed.

To the Sophomore class we bequeath our spirit of humility, said humility to be used as a remedy for sudden attacks of conceit which we realize to be a common malady in their class.

To the young and irresponsible Freshmen we bequeath our path of duty. They will tread it lightly at best, but we feel that to a small degree they should early experience the great responsibilities of their chosen profession.

To the Junior Basket Ball Team we bequeath the ability of the Senior girls, in order that they may overcome their timidity and engage the class of 1916 in combat.

To the instructors in the Department of Education we bequeath the great privilege of unfolding to their classes the secrets of our marvelous success in the Training School. We feel that this information will profoundly influence the future history of this institution.

We give and bequeath to Mr. Gentle the pleasant memory of the individuals of our class as they entered his office on their first day of teaching with criticism in hand.

To Mr. Evenden we bequeath our standings on Emile, to be doled out freely to the classes that follow us, for no class is prepared to leave our Alma Mater without the valuable experience of having received a "D" or "E."

To Miss Katie Dunsmore we bequeath a phonograph used in the office, where she can enjoy the famous records of the noted singer, Mr. Macey.

The Senior girls of the Domestic Science class bequeath to Mr. Burton a new cook book of choice recipes compiled by them. We hope that the food cooked according to these recipes will satisfy his appetite, that it will not be necessary for him to lunch on his lead pencil between meals.

To Mr. Gilmore we bequeath a book containing our observation of child life in the Training School. Although of no immediate value to him, we feel sure that he will appreciate it greatly when his children have reached school age.

Miss Myrtle Muir gives and bequeaths to her successor in Norm Editorship her most treasured possession, the privilege of making Norm announcements in Chapel. To her successor as Chapel Pianist she bequeaths the rare treat of viewing the student body from the faculty standpoint.

At the earnest request of several other individuals of our class, who are of unusually generous dispositions, we have consented to make the following bequests for them. There may be a spirit of malice in their gifts, therefore we do not wish to be held responsible for them.

Miss Welch bequeaths her matrimonial inclinations to Miss Marie Mitchell.

An unknown friend has bequeathed Mr. Cole a large new hammer.

Miss Hinds bequeaths to Miss Parrott fifty pounds of her weight.

Mr. Hesseltine bequeaths to Miss Elda McDaniel one last, long, loving look.

Helen Chadbourne bequeaths to Mr. Wills her ability to dance.

Tillie Peterson leaves to each member of the June class a sample package of Colgate's Dental Cream.

Madge Thomas leaves to Dae Clodfelter her red dress.

The foregoing is the Last Will and Testament of the February Class of 1914. All goods and chattels that are not herein disposed of shall revert to the state, to be held in trust for those who were formerly with us, but who have been compelled, for various reasons to break their connection with our class.

Signed on this seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fourteen.

LOTTA WILSON,

MARGARET NIELSEN,

CLARA WATTENBURG,

Duly elected to this duty.



Senior Prophecy



ON THE last day of school, the members of the class of 1914, desiring to learn something of the future awaiting them, went in a body to a renowned oracle and asked concerning their fate.

Many interesting facts were revealed by the priestess who interpreted the mysterious sayings of the oracle.

Among the many interesting things foretold, was a gathering of the class which would take place in Yellowstone Park many years hence. Here, we were told, we should find Tillie Peterson in charge of the "Yellowstone Inn" an immense establishment of great luxury and grandeur. Of course, we immediately registered a vow that should the prophecy come to pass we should avail ourselves of the hospitality we knew would greet us and stay with Miss Peterson.

We were warned not to be alarmed in the afternoon at the Park if we should see a strange appearing airship approaching. In it would be as an accomplished aviator, our old class president Clarence Hesseltine who had invented an airship which solved the problem of successfully navigating the air.

We of the class of 1914 had always felt positive that our class numbered celebrities among the members and it was pleasing confirmation of our previous thought to have the oracle inform us that the following people would bring fame to the class of 1914. At times the oracle was rather incoherent in her statements but we gathered that Miss Laura Purcell would be chosen Art Director and Decorator at the National Art Museum; Miss Luella Daniel would be instructor in Art and Public Speaking at Chicago University; and that Miss Ella Hayden would gain a position of much prominence through her knowledge of phrenology, a new department which would be added to the President's cabinet for the purpose of reading the heads of United States Senators' to ascertain their fitness for the positions of trust which they would hold. Further the oracle declared that Miss Abigail Welch would be a government

census taker as she learned to like this work while collecting data for the "horoscope" of the illustrious class of February, 1914.

Contrary to our expectations, we were told that Miss Blanche Powell, instead of a great society matron, would be a noted temperance lecturer and would win many for the cause through her winning ways and shy eloquence. The famed prophetess foretold that Retta Smith would be a governor specially appointed for the island of Vancouver by the Government of British Columbia. Her old friend and chum, Madeliene Bettis, was foreseen as head of the Red Cross Nurse Society, Branch Association, headquarters in the executive mansion with Retta.

We were not surprised to learn that "The Norm" would become one of the leading magazines of the Pacific Northwest. Neither were we astonished to learn that Myrtle Muir would go to New Zealand to become editor of the Commonwealth. Further than this Myrtle would distinguish herself in the musical world as a private pupil of Paderewski.

We also learned that the old plan of President Ackerman's of teaching morals through the medium of the memory gem would continue to be used and we were overjoyed to hear that one of our classmates was to write the gems which he would use in the future. This great personage would be none other than Manie Ayres. Various other honors were prophesied for our class members. Mr. Bennett would enter the ministry as he believed he would be able to have a more far reaching influence in that profession. His leading choirmaster would be Mr. Guy Richards. We were also to be honored by having one of our number enter the literary world. This was Helen Chadbourne who would astonish the world with her book on "New Methods in Dancing." But, a tireless worker, she would not be content to rest on the returns from her book, and we might expect to find her busy in the uplift of humanity by demonstrating the scientific methods of breadmaking as learned in the Domestic science department of the O. N. S. Miss Chadbourne has long believed that "civilized man cannot live without cooks."

The veiled oracle further asserted that the Wattenburg sisters would not always follow the profession for which they were trained in the O. N. S. Clara would desert it to demonstrate a marvelous face cream invented by Ida Mack. Lulu would become

famous as a settlement worker. Again she warningly foretold that Miss Gladys Carson would be the head of the Woman's Suffrage Association of the world. Through her eloquence the whole world would be won to suffrage. The priestess of Apollo ventured that Miss Irene Snere would remain true to the precepts taught in the O. N. S., and continue to teach the rising generation for years to come.

When we asked the oracle concerning Mrs. Hinds, we were informed that her fate had been determined even before commencement, and that she would always be a happy housewife.

Mabel Muldrick and Harriett Harris, being of militant disposition, were to be government guards in the Yellowstone Park, occasionally acting as guides, since they would be in great demand on account of their abilities for talking fluently.

Lotta Wilson and Inez Kearn were to be heads of a training school for boys. Owing to their great loyalty to the O. N. S. their pupils might attend the school only after signing a solemn pledge to attend the Oregon Normal School. Another feature of this remarkable school would be the use of Parrott's Handbook of Dramatization, a little green book that would be dear to the hearts of the Normal students owing to its great resemblance to "Carson's Handbook." Another student who would exemplify the great loyalty to the O. N. S. people was Henrietta Hoyser, who would be a solicitor for the students (all boys) of the preparatory school conducted by Misses Wilson and Kearn. It was pleasing to know that all of our class are not going to disregard Mr. Plummer's advice regarding matrimony. The oracle told us to expect to find Margaret Neilson, Leto Wolverton and Amy Steinberg happily married, the latter to a prosperous farmer.

Owing to the absence of Loraine Johnson, a friend kindly inquired after her fate, and was informed that she would find her life's work in public speaking on the subject of the "Joys of Spinsterhood."

Madge Thomas and Olga Wood were the only ones of the class who were to remain in dear old Monmouth. In the future years we should find them conducting a florist's shop here for the purpose of supplying flowers for the Normal graduating classes.

Every member of the class having been accounted for, the members began to talk excitedly among themselves concerning

the things they had heard. There were some that were astonished and pleased with what they had heard concerning their futures; others who vigorously denied the possibility of any such thing coming to pass as was foretold.

After a time they dispersed and each went her way to ponder over the things she had heard, and in some cases where the prophecy was so foreign to the intentions of the individual to re-shape her course to meet the fulfillment of the oracle's prediction.

GLADYS CARSON

IRENE SNERE

LORAIN JOHNSON



Spring Violets

Slowly I wandered
 Thru meadow and glade
 Sadly I pondered
 Why Spring so delayed
 Her coming this year
 When I held her so dear.

When close at my feet,
 Almost hidden from view,
 Spring violets sweet
 Of the sky's own hue,
 Lifted each a wee face,
 My gloom to erase.

G. L. '14.



MANIE E. AYRES

Beaverton, Oregon
Vice President of Vespertine
Y. W. C. A.

"Blessed with a good reason and a sober sense."

Chapel talk, "The Influence of Literature on Morals."



E. ALLEN BENNETT

Seattle, Wash.
Normal

"Here's to the bachelor so bashful and gay,
For it was not his fault, he was born that way."

Chapel talk, "The Brotherhood of Man."



MADELINE BETTIS

Coburg, Oregon
Delphian, Y. W. C. A.

"She is pretty to walk with;
She is witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think on, too.
So says Joe, and so say all of us."

Chapel talk, "Physical Education in the Schools."

GLADYS CARSON

Salem, Oregon
 Vespertine, Y. W. C. A.
 President of Vespertine Society
 "When duty calls her, enjoyment fades away."
 Chapel talk, "Jane Addams and Hull House."



HELEN CHADBOURNE

Drain, Oregon
 Delphian
 "Gaze into her eyes and you see an angel.
 Gaze a little longer, and you will see a little
 imp."
 Chapel talk, "The rise of the Modern
 Drama."



LUELLA DANIEL

Monmouth, Oregon
 Delphian
 Treasurer of Delphian Society
 "The countenance is the portrait of the soul,
 And the eyes mark its intentions."
 Chapel talk, "Character as an Asset to the
 Teacher."





HARRIETT HARRIS

Portland, Oregon

Vespertine, Y. W. C. A.

"Modest doubt is called the beacon of the wise."

Chapel talk, "The Meaning of Adolescence to the Teacher."



ELLA HAYDEN

Eugene, Oregon

Vespertine

"None but herself can be her parallel."

Chapel talk, "The Advantages of Normal School Training."



CLARENCE HESSELTINE

Walla Walla, Wash.

Normal

President of Senior Class

Vice President of Normal Society

"Her loveliness I never knew until she smiled on me."

Chapel talk, "American City Government."

HENRIETTA HOYSER

Salem, Oregon

Vespertine

Member of Staff

"What her heart thinks her tongue speaks."

Chapel talk, "American Educational Progress in the Philippine Islands."

LORAIN E. JOHNSON

Moro, Oregon

Delphian

Member of Staff

"Nearly killed by a train of thought passing through her mind."

Chapel talk, "Modern Methods of Prison Reform."

INEZ KERN

Lebanon, Oregon

Vespertine, Y. W. C. A.

Secretary of Y. W. C. A.

"Delightful task! To rear the tender thought; to teach the young idea how to shoot."

Chapel talk, "Moral Training in Public Schools."





IDA MACK

Salem, Oregon

Vespertine

"Here's to the gladness of her gladness when she's glad;
Here's to the sadness of her sadness when she's sad.
But the gladness of her gladness and the sadness of her sadness
Are not in it with her madness when she's mad."

Chapel talk, "City Sanitation."



MYRTLE MUIR

Portland, Oregon

Vespertine

Editor-in-Chief of "The Norm."

Chapel Pianist

"A coming Paderewski."

Chapel talk, "The Responsibilities of Modern Education."



MABEL MULDRICK

Canyon City, Oregon

Delphian

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Chapel talk, "The Value of Society to the Individual."

MARGARET M. NIELSON

Astoria, Oregon
Delphian

"Her countenance betrayeth a peaceful mind."
Chapel talk, "Dr. Wiley's Service to the
United States."



BLANCHE POWELL

Portland, Oregon
Delphian, Y. W. C. A.
Class Reporter

"Many a gentleman friend had she."
Chapel talk, "The Playground Movement."



A. TILLIE PETERSON

Eddyville, Oregon
Vespertine

"Pleasures she seeks and finds in the little
things of life."
Chapel talk, "The Place of the Pageant and
Festival in Education."





LAURA PURCELL

Park Place, Oregon
Vespertine

Member of Norm Staff

"Who mixed art with pleasure and A plusses
with mirth."

Chapel talk, "Montessori Methods."



OLGA WOOD

Philomath, Oregon
Delphian

Secretary of Student Body

"Such an unassuming maid."

Chapel talk, "Shall children be allowed to
choose their own reading?"



LETO WOLVERTON

Monmouth, Oregon
Delphian, Y. W. C. A.
Member of Staff

"I have lost my heart but I don't care."

Chaptl talk, "Modern Health Movements."

RETTA SMITH

Coburg, Oregon
Delphian, Y. W. C. A.
Secretary of Sennior Class
President of Student Body

"Win hearts and you have all men's hands
and purses."

Chapel talk, "The Relation of Education to
a Successful Career."



CHARLOTTE I. SNERE

Creswell, Oregon
Vespertine
Secretary of Vespertine

"A maiden with the dreamy eyes,
A riddle many fain would solve."

Chapel talk, "The Importance of Bird Pro-
tection."



MADGE THOMAS

Monmouth, Oregon
"Happy am I, from care I am free;
Why aren't they all content like me?"
Chapel talk, "Ella Flagg Young."





LULU WATTENBURG

Monmouth, Oregon
Delphian, Y. W. C. A.

"From little sparks burst mighty flames."
Chapel talk, "The Teaching of Agriculture."

CLARA WATTENBURG

Monmouth, Oregon
Vespertine

"A sigh for those who love her,
A smile for those who hate her;
Whatever skies above her has heart for any
fate."

Chapel talk, "What a Teacher Can Do in
a Community."

LOTTA WILSON

Salem, Oregon
Vespertine

"All this but one you can restore,
The heart you gained returned no more."

Chapel talk, "The Value of Nature Study
to a Child."

ABIGAIL A. WELCH

Monmouth, Oregon

Vespertine

"Abigail, we hope in years to come, ever a
"maiden" true will be,
An inspiration for Tillie P,
For Blanche, Ida and Gladys C."

Chapel talk, "The Place of Myths and
Fairy Tales in the Education of Young Children."



AMY JANE STEINBERG

Monmouth, Oregon

Delphian, Y. W. C. A.

"A quiet wonder wins many friends."

Chapel talk, "The Housewife's Interest in
Pure Food."

RUTH PIMM-HINDS

Philomath, Oregon

Delphian

Business Manager of Senior Basket Ball Team.

"Yes, she can cook, she can play basket ball,
she can teach school, and the depth of her
oratorical power is unknown."

Chapel talk, "What is Worth While."

Senior

NAME	DATE OF BIRTH	BIRTH PLACE	OCCUPATION	HEIGHT
C. Hesseltine	Oct. 15, 1492	Cat Island	Wishing for more worlds to conquer	8 ft. 7 in. In the estimation of the faculty 4 ft. 3 in.
Bettis	1870	South America	Flirting with J. B.	
Smith	1875	Australia	Dancing teacher	6 ft.
Daniels	1899	Bohemia	Public Lecturer	4½ ft.
Muir	1900	Podunk	Inventor	6 ft. 2 in.
Hoyser	1868	Isle of man	Cook	5 ft. 9½ in.
Carson	1903	Monmouth	Tatting	4 ft. 9 in.
Chadbourne	1864	Paris	Petting Cats	7 ft.
Welch	1896	Berlin	Seamstress	5 ft.
Ayers	1900	Sunrise	Teacher	4 ft. 7 in.
Richards	1775	Bunker Hill	Walking out north	9 ft. 10 in.
Harris	1905	Nut Shell	Looking wise	As long as your thumb
Hines	1763	All of Oregon	Playing Basketball	8 ft. 3 in.
Lulu Wattenberg	1895	Land of Shamrock	Collecting Dues	6 ft. 5 in.
Gherkin	1898	Sunset	Critic of other teachers	Just tall enough
Mack	1898	Missouri	Writing a book on sanitation	4 ft. 10 in.
Powell	1900	Popunk	Reading Novels	Of the North Pole
Thomas	1588	Mid Ocean	Stump speaking	As long as the Moral law
Nelson	At high tide	On the crest of the mighty deep	Wishing for endless vacation	As high as the tide in the Bay of Fundy
Johnson	Time of full moon	East of the Sun and west of the Moon	Public Speaking	1 fathom
Snere	First day of school	In an aeroplane	Learns of every bird, its language its habits, value and use.	As high as a bird can soar
Wattenberg	Sept. 18, 1910	In the O. N. S.	Investigating the influence of teachers in a community	Watch the future.
Hayden	This year is the only one that counts, Monmouth is the only place there is.		Teaching young hopefuls the road to reformation	As high as the American eagle can soar
Wood	1492	Halifax	Fortune telling	8 ft.
Purcell	1913	On a southern plantation	Sculptor	7½ ft.
Steinberg	1912	Turkey	Violinist	4 ft.
Wolverton	1837	Arkansas	Raising chickens	3 ft.
Kern	1905	Sahara Desert	Feeding Birds	6 ft.
Wilson	1907	Black Hills	Gardening	4 ft. 2 in.
Peterson	1300	Mining Camp	Dancing ragtime	7 ft. 5 in.

Horoscope

WEIGHT	RAISED ON	FUTURE DESTINY	WHY WE LIKE HER
2 Kilograms	Soft soap and eiderdown	Foreman in a joy factory	Because Elda does
199 lbs.	Prunes	Teaching negroes in the Philippines	Because she is giddy
100 lbs.	Mush	Trained nurse	Because she is good natured
200 lbs.	Honey	Traveling agent	Because she is sweet
80 lbs.	Frog's Legs	Street musician	Because she is quiet
99 lbs.	Clams	Old maid	Because she is jolly
210 lbs.	Bread and milk	Missionary	Because she is pretty
84 lbs.	Cabbage	Cat farm	Because she is sad
187 lbs.	Buttermilk	Teaching music	Because she is kind
200 lbs.	Toothpicks	Mountain climber	Because she has a kind smile
145 lbs.	Waffles	Orator	Because he is industrious
16 oz.	Puffed wheat	President	Because she is nice
425 lbs.	Hind's Honey and Almond	Butter made at O. A. C.	Because of her ability to do things
100 lbs.	Corn bread	Best teacher in the state,	Who wouldn't?
98 lbs.	Mellin's Food	Private Secretary	Because she doesn't talk much
250 lbs.	Jacks	Lecturer on pure foods	Because she is sanitary
The snowflake on its crest	Sunshine and Kisses	Manager of an airship from Earth to Mars	Because of her reasoning ; powers
As heavy as the hands of fate	Peaches and cream	Teacher in Panama	Because of her oratorical ability
Light as thistle down	The food of the Gods	Queen of a cattle ranch in South America	Because of her attainments in the O. S. N.
A long ton	The milk of humankindness	To teach Public Speaking in a Castle of silence	Because she is bashful
Never been weighed and still growing	Normal melodies and class yells	To keep record of the birds at the north pole	For her big brown eyes
These are still indefinite but she is still growing.	Hard work and much play	Gets married that ends all	Because she is dignified
As much as any great question of the day	Mirth and alien scenery	To rule the Philippine Islands	Because of her feeling for the human race
100 lbs.	Pork and Beans	Married to a millionaire	Because she eats with her knife
300 lbs.	Crackers and Cheese	To be a Hermit	Because her hair is golden
90 lbs.	Doughnuts	To live near the south pole	Because her eyes are blue
200 lbs.	Custard pie	Keeping house	Because she sends us letters
91 lbs.	Honey	Sewing	Because she smiles
20 lbs.	Cucumbers	Taking care of little dogs	Because she jokes
60 lbs.	Potatoes	Matron of Orphans home	Because she is skinny



J.C. Bell



Myrtle Muir



Esther Mickelson



Ranie Burdhead



Lorraine Johnson



Ida Constable



Lydia Bell



Cressence Hesselting



Lexa Wolverton



George Winters

STAFF



W.H. Burton



Laura Purcell



Augusta Kautz



Marrie Mitchell



Adah Mass



Byron White



Beatrice Hotchkiss



Carmen Schmiede



Lillian Marvel



Elsie Voder

THE NORM

VOL. III

MONMOUTH, OREGON, FEBRUARY, 1914

No. III

Entered at the Post Office at Monmouth, Oregon, March 3, 1879 as second class matter.

The Norm is published five times a year, in the months of November, December, February, April and June, by the students of the Oregon Normal School, Monmouth, Oregon. Terms of subscription: Seventy-five cents a year; single copies, fifteen cents; commencement numbers, twenty-five cents. Address all communications to "The Norm," Monmouth, Oregon.

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Retrospection and Prospection

As the close of the Fall term draws near, the Norm staff realizes the fact that its services are drawing to a close, too. Naturally, this is a time when we

look back over the work of the term.

It is with a feeling of mingled pride and shame that we consider the three issues that have gone out from our office. We are proud of numbers of things, chief among them being the splendid showing of material, but this has been due to the kindness of our friends. We are ashamed of numbers of things, those things that have not been done which should have been done, and those things which have been done which should not have been done. But we wish to come to an understanding.

There is a big reason for our paper not being as fine as we want it and that reason is inexperience. Experience makes efficiency, and the editor who is not experienced can not produce the paper which he can when he becomes experienced. There is an old saying: "there are tricks in all trades, and it seems that there are many tricks in this trade. The new editor finds something new at every turn, and upon the output of each issue discovers ways in which he can improve the publication. With such experience it seems reasonable to believe that continued pursuance of this work would lead toward a standard of efficiency. In order to attain this standard an editor should be given at least one year of experience and as many years additional as is possible. If a conscientious person is given a year or two of experience, strides hitherto undreamed of can be made. Our paper should become one of the foremost Normal papers in the country. Let us hope that "The Norm" is on the threshold of the most successful years it has ever experienced.



Norm Facts

Students who are not intimately concerned with the management of a school publication can have little or no idea of the amount of money which is necessary for its maintenance. Every student should be aware of this expense just as he is aware of a personal expense, for any loyal member of a student body guards its institutions with personal pride.

In line with the above statement the editor wishes to make

known to the student body of the Oregon Normal School just how much money is expended for "The Norm," and how this money is obtained.

"The Norm" is self-supporting only up to a certain point. Here it must depend upon the student body for help. It is self-supporting in that it receives about \$100.00 per year from outside subscriptions and about \$300.00 per year from advertisements, but this money does not begin to cover the expenses of running five issues. In explanation of this, it would be well to tell the expenses incurred with the average issue.

The main expense is in the printing. This varies from \$95 to \$275, according to the number of pages in the issue. There is usually some engraving work to be done, and this work varies from \$5.00 to \$50.00. There are also incidental expenses to be met, such as stationery, stamps, railroad and telephone bills. This makes the average issue cost about..... Commencement numbers range from \$200 to \$300 in expense. Allowing an average cost of \$120.00 for each issue, it might be said to cost \$600 per year to publish "The Norm." It will be seen that there is a deficit of \$200.00

The question is, How shall this deficit be paid? In most schools the paper is self-supporting because every student pays the subscription price as does the outsider. The Norm gets no student subscription. It merely calls upon the student-body to help with the student-body fund. The rightful heritage of "The Norm" is begged from the student-body, its veritable owner. Why should this be? Should not a big part of the student-body fund rightfully belong to "The Norm," since the students are not required to subscribe for it?

When our students know about the expenses of their magazine "The Norm," it is expected that there will be no more need of apologizing when a call for "Norm" money is made.

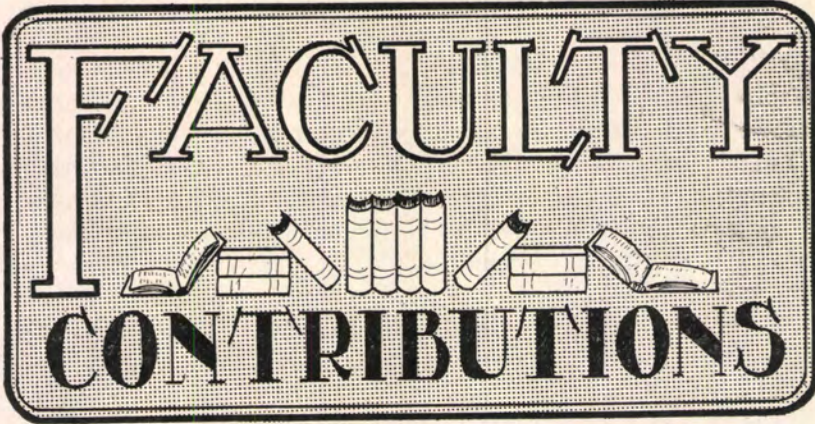
Our Contributors

The school has been especially co-operative with the "Norm" Staff this season. All requests from the various editors have been met with heartiest good will. Some excellent material has not found its way into the magazine because of duplication of subject, and sometimes lack of space. In this connection the "Norm" staff wishes to give credit to Miss Amy Pechin, Miss Iza Constable, Miss Madeline Bettis and Mr. G. M. Cole for some splendid material.



An Appreciation

We wish to thank everyone for the kind help given us in the editing of this magazine. We feel very grateful to the faculty who have contributed so generously to our work, and we feel especially grateful to Miss Laura Kennon and Miss Rosa B. Parrott who were never too busy to help us. Miss Frances Bennett has also rendered valuable assistance.



The Problem of the Rural School=== Cause and Cure



VERY social, economic, moral, and political problem has its natural cause. It also has its natural cure, In the medical science we look for causes, remove them and then nature heals itself. We do not apply a lot of palliatives, permit the real causes to continue to exist, and at the same time hope for permanent cure. We remove the real cause and few palliatives are then needed. We should do the same for the body politic. When a weakness is discovered, we should find the cause and remove it and permit strength and poise to be restored.

All agree that something is wrong with the country school. Various and sundry palliatives have been applied, slight temporary improvements can be noted at divers times and places, but violent relapses are usually recorded and then the case is pronounced hopeless. The Oregon Normal School, whose responsibility it is to train the public school teachers for the State of Oregon, should, it seems to me, do what it can to discover the real cause of this problem and aid as far as it can in removing it in order that teaching may be professionalized to such an extent that every teacher would be required to have training for her work and then

that she might have a fair chance at the pleasures and profits of the vocation whether she taught in the city or the country.

Let us inquire into the real causes of the failure of the country school. We find it the victim of the following difficulties: Poor direction and management, poor organization, inefficient teachers and small means with which to secure better ones. If these be the causes, our task, then, becomes that of removing them by securing for the country school better management, better organization, more efficient teachers and more money to defray the increased expense.

That these essentials may be had the country schools need and are asking for a few changes in our general system of education.

Its first appeal is for an executive superintendent, selected without reference to political parties or place of residence, selected only for his professionable ability. Managers of farms and factories, railroads and banks are thus selected, presidents of universities, colleges and normal schools are appointed in this way, city superintendents are secured after this fashion. Why should not the same business principles prevail in the selection of a county superintendent? Other institutions have the world from which to select, the country school has only the few who are willing to subject themselves to a political campaign, the few who live in that particular county. Even after the county superintendent is selected his hands are largely tied by political affiliations and other restrictions which limit his usefulness. Not only is the county limited in its choice of a superintendent, but it is also limited in its means with which to pay for his service. The city pays a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars, but the county, in which the city is located, which has twice as many teachers as has the city, pays its superintendent one thousand dollars or less. Are not the country schools entitled to a twenty-five hundred dollar superintendent if they want him? The country schools should have the best professional ability available as their official head. He should be given more power to assist the country school and should be paid more for his service.

The country school also desires better supervision. A census of the cities and towns of the United States shows that there is one expert supervisor for every seventeen teachers engaged in the service. This, it should be noted, is where there is only one grade

to be taught by a teacher and that teacher is supposed to be an expert. How is it in the country? How is it where there is to be eight grades taught by one teacher and that teacher supposed to be one who is not well enough equipped to teach one grade in town? We find that even in Oregon, which stands in the forefront in supervision, there is an average of more than seventy-five teachers to every supervisor. If the town, where every teacher under supervision could be seen in one day, needs one supervisor for every seventeen teachers, what does the country need where only one teacher may be seen in one day? The town teacher has to learn the subject matter, method, and problems of but one grade, the rural teacher of eight. The town teacher has a corps of trained teachers constantly around her who could assist her with her difficulties at any moment, the rural teacher stands alone. The supervisor is her one hope of relief. A great railroad system considers every mile of its track of equal importance. It has equal valuation, its portions that lie far away from the centers of commerce are just as well provided for, just as well constructed, supervised and managed as is that in the city's center. This is necessary that the entire system may do its best work. Why should not our school system be so valued, managed and supervised?

In addition to the improved organization which would come to the school itself through better supervision, the country schools desire to be so organized that there may be fewer of the one-room country schools. Consolidation of rural schools should be made where distance, location and roads will permit. In this way work for the individual teacher may be made less, efficiency may be increased, and better service rendered. But the difficulty here arises in the fact that when all centralization possible has been effected, whether it be for grades, junior high schools, or complete rural high schools, our problem of the one-room country school still remains just as it has always been. Our real relief, then, must come through other means in addition to consolidation.

We are forced to the conclusion that the one greatest need of the country school is the trained teacher. Better management, better supervision are very necessary, but better teaching is the most fundamental need. All management, organization, and supervision has only this in view. The country school asks to be de-

livered from the untrained and inexperienced. The untrained and inexperienced beg to be protected from the country school. The country school has been a victim of a poor teacher, the weak teacher has been a defenseless creature of an unwise and unjust custom. It would be reasonable to require a young teacher to work for a certain number of years in a graded school under expert supervision before attempting to teach an ungraded school with no supervisory assistance, but it is utter folly to expect her to teach all of the grades of a country school before she can be employed in a city system to teach one grade. The graded school is the place for the novice, if there must be one, the rural school requires the master. This recognized and realized, the country school asks that it may have such. It desires a teacher who has the ability, equipment and refinement necessary for successful work anywhere with the additional insight into and interest in the social and economic problems of the country. The young, untrained and untried teacher desires that justice be tempered with mercy, that during the time she is not certain of herself, her knowledge, and her method, she be permitted to play near the shore under the watchful eye of help that is able to save. The weak teacher has learned that a possible task is her salvation, the country school has discovered that the proper kind of a teacher is its chiefest need.

"But," you say, "this has always been known. Of course the teacher makes the school and the country school can get just as good teacher as it desires." We reply: "It can, but it never has nor will it ever do so until it is aided in its desire."

The problem, then, of securing the right kind of teacher for the rural school becomes at once an economic one. How can the funds be provided with which to pay? This is the question which confronts us always. The rural community has not solved it, the sociologist and economist does not explain it, faddists have not presented a satisfactory plan.

Our present method of district taxation has not proved successful. Upon careful examination it seems to be unwise and unfair. Burdens and benefits do not seem to be fairly distributed. One district has a small number of children and a large property valuation and therefore has a good teacher and a long school term, another school district has a large number of children and a

small property valuation and therefore a poor teacher and a short term. Equal school opportunities should be given to all of the children without reference to property valuation. This can be done by enlarging the unit of taxation and of administration. The larger the unit, the more easy it is to regulate the service, the more fair seems the burden of taxation, and the more completely and effectively can all the people be served. A uniform rate for the entire state for providing for teachers' salaries would be the ideal, the county unit should be the minimum. Were the county taken as the unit, then the school term could be made uniform throughout the county, teachers' salaries for the entire county could be classified according to equipment, and every child could be given an equal advantage in school opportunity. The local unit should be retained for the purpose of building and maintaining houses in keeping with the needs, wealth, and pride of the community. By this plan the good results of local interest and co-operation and the strength and system of business-like county administration would both be secured.

"But," replies the country school, "if you stop here, the result would be the same as before, I would still get the lowest class teacher who has the least equipment and gets the smallest pay. Therefore, let me ask that by legislative enactment none but those ranking A1 be permitted to teach in the country school and for her a minimum shall be made with increase to be given depending upon the number of grade above four, the difficulties of the task, and the length of time the teacher continues in one position doing satisfactory work."

In this way, and this alone, it seems to me, will it be possible to insure to the country school the kind of a teacher it must have. Salaries should depend in a general way, upon three things: the ability of the workman, the importance of the work, and the difficulties and hardships undergone while doing it. Measured by this standard, the efficient teacher of the country school should rank well in salary among our public servants. The salary should be sufficiently higher in the country than that of the same teacher in the town to offset the pleasures and conveniences sacrificed and to recompense her for the hardships and privations undergone. In this way the most difficult and undesirable position in the country, which would be filled by a grade teacher, would pay

the largest salary and would stand a fair chance thereby of getting the best teacher.

"But," objects the people of the town, "we would be providing a school for the country. This would not be fair." Does not the country provide everything else for the town? Furthermore, were we to take that narrow and selfish view of the matter, the bachelor, the railroad and the sawmill could with just as good logic and justice say: "We have no children. The education of those around us is of no concern to us. Let those who have children bear the burden." But just as education of all the people is necessary to enhance property values and preserve property rights, so the education of the country child is necessary to preserve the peace, prosperity, and perpetuity of the town.

With these reforms accomplished the question of a trained teacher for the country school would disappear. Provide for a healthy maintenance and business-like direction and supervision of the country schools and the brightest and best young men and women of the state will be delighted to make the country school their place of labor.

MARVIN S. PITTMAN,
Department of Rural Schools.



The new Encyclopedia Britannica lately placed in the library is very helpful.

Most of the faculty and students spent all or part of the vacation out of town and report a very pleasant time.

The exhibition in the Domestic Science and Art rooms just before vacation was especially good in the quality of work displayed.

The appearance of the class rooms of the school has been greatly improved by the addition of a picture appropriate for each department.

The gymnasium is nearing completion and suitable exercises are being prepared for the dedication which will be held during commencement week.

A number of the students who remained in town during the vacation attended the dancing party at Mr. Butler's home on Tuesday evening, December 30. All who know what good hostesses Mr. and Mrs. Butler are will know that a good time was enjoyed by all.

On Wednesday evening, December 31, Miss Butler entertained about thirty-five young people at a watch party. Games and dancing were participated in until twelve o'clock, when two black spirits of the New Year appeared. New Year's greetings were exchanged and songs were sung, after which all departed having spent a most enjoyable evening.

The State Teachers' Association held in Salem December 22, 23, and 24, was very successful and helpful. Many prominent educators of the state and M. V. O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin, gave addresses as well as the following members of the faculty: President Ackerman, M. S. Pittman, Miss Parrott, E. S. Evenden, L. P. Gilmore and Miss Hoham. One of the interesting features of the association was the Training School Orchestra, which rendered several very excellent selections. There were about fifty Normal graduates who attended the meeting, as well as some students now in school.

December 1. Mr. Gentle occupied a part of the chapel period telling us of his trip to Olympia. He said that everyone inquired about the things that our normal school teaches, and that there seemed to be great demand in the teaching world for tangible, practical methods. He told them, he said, that the teachers themselves must teach the pupils and not the text books confuse the children.

December 5. Miss Grace Davis, third and fourth grade critic teacher, represented the faculty at chapel time. She told two stories, "The First Christmas Tree" and "The Other Wise Man" with much feeling.

December 8. Professor Horner of the Oregon Agricultural College delivered a lecture the title of which was "From Jerusalem to Jericho," illustrated by lantern slides. The veneration he has for the sacred scenes of the Holy Land and his ability in description led us to appreciate him very much.

December 12. The Honorable Frank Irvine of Corvallis, editorial writer for the Oregon Journal, gave an address in chapel on "The Tragedies of Ignorance." Mr. Irvine believes that the social evils of the world can be overcome wholly by education and that this responsibility rests to a great extent with the teachers. The attention of the audience was held unbroken while he was speaking by the wide way in which he treated the subject, and the rousing applause that he received at the end told that we had been with him.

December 15. Miss Cross of the English department of Philomath College gave us some very interesting readings in chapel. She read "The Lost Word" and "The Dark Brown Diplomat," and as a second encore recited "Columbus."

December 17. Since the most of our students would not get to hear the Training School orchestra when they played before the State Teachers' Association at Salem, they treated us to some of their music at chapel time. We are very proud of the little musicians, and the favorable report of their work at Salem was just what we expected.

January 9. Mr. Evenden very ably represented the faculty in chapel, taking as his subject, "The Teacher's Friends." We feel that he was thoroughly "in" his subject and wonder why he has not been before us oftener.



The Domestic Science department has demonstrated its efficiency on various occasions this semester in a number of informal dinners and luncheons served by the students enrolled. The first occasion was a dainty luncheon served to the Dormitory girls the day of the Polk County Institute. The girls had kindly given over their places at the dormitory to the visiting teachers.

The next occasion was a more pretentious affair, a dinner served the faculty on November fifth. This was in celebration of the birth days of President Ackerman and Miss Dunsmore, and also in memory of Miss Harlan and Miss Fridd, whose birthdays were the same week.

On the evening of December thirteenth, five February Seniors served a dinner to eleven invited guests, which was a delightful evidence of their excellence in the culinary art. The menu was varied and attractive, yet it was all carefully planned within a certain price limit set by Miss Butler. The people responsible for

this charming dinner were the Misses Retta Smith, Madeline Bettis, Margaret Neilson, Helen Chadbourne and William H. Burton.

On January seventeenth the remaining February Seniors, the Misses Luella Daniels, Gladys Carson, Lotta Wilson, Inez Kearn and Irene Snere successfully passed their "examination" by serving a dinner to the faculty, at which the honor guests were the Honorable Milton A. Miller, collector of customs for the Port of Portland, and Colonel E. Hofer, member Board of regents of the Normal.

The remaining members of the Domestic Science class displayed their ability along culinary lines in a delightful luncheon for the February Seniors.

The Domestic Art Classes have been large and enthusiastic this year. We have accomplished some very good work under Miss Butler's supervision.

Just before the holidays we had a Domestic Art exhibit in the Domestic Economy rooms. Swedish darning and crocheting combined with coronation and novelty braids, were used on towels and bed linen. The patterns and color combinations were especially pleasing, as well as the quality of work done. Embroidery stitches were applied on table runners, dresser scarfs and pillows. The plain and fancy stitches were used on bags, aprons and charming boudoir caps.

Nor was all our work confined to sewing. As evidences of construction hand work we displayed very attractive stenciled waste baskets and writing pads. Our note books contained work in paper folding and cutting, specimens of card sewing for holiday work.

This work is very practical for us as teachers, and presents many problems which will be of interest and value to children from the first grade through the eighth.

The class in machine sewing has made under garments, which they have trimmed with embroidery or hand-made lace. They are now working on dresses, some making their commencement gowns.



Mr. Gentle:—"Heaven is a place where there is no flaw in the thinking process."

ORGANIZATIONS



With this issue of "The Norm" the first semester's work of the Normal Society will be brought to a close. The work of the society in general has been of the best. Each member has made his work his best effort, which in the end develops power. May each of us begin the new semester very much the same as beginning a new year, by resolving to accomplish more than we have ever done before in a half year. The past semester has been all too short, and the new semester will quickly go by if we seriously apply ourselves to our work.

On the morning of December 9, Mr. Guy E. Richards, representing the Senior class, gave his chapel talk. Mr. Richards chose as his subject, "Every-Day Patriotism," which subject he handled very skillfully. He showed it is not necessary to wait until time of war in order to show our patriotism, for such patriotism is seldom needed. The real patriotism is exhibited by the man who does every day the most for his country intellectually, morally or politically.

The Normal Society at the close of this semester will sustain a heavy loss in membership by the graduation of Mr. Burton, Mr. Hesseltine, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Richards. Mr. Richards left us early in January to take up work in the Forest Grove schools. The Normal Society wishes its members who are about to enter actively into their profession, the best of success. We look forward to the time when our members will be the guiding minds of the best schools in our state.

G. W.



The Delphians have held two regular and two extra meetings since the last report.

On December the fifth a very interesting and instructive program was given. Roll call was answered by "Hubbard Preachments," and these added to the thorough talk on Elbert Hubbard by Miss Agnes Harris gave the society some valuable information. The debate, "**Resolved:** That a censorship for the press should be established," by Misses Kerr and Schmidli, affirmative, and Misses Williams and Marie Smith, negative, brought before the society in detailed form this topic of present-day interest. A reading accompanied by music, by Miss Margaret Halvorsen, and a humorous monologue by Marie Mitchell completed the evening's program.

December the nineteenth the three societies joined in giving a Christmas pageant representing Christmas as it is celebrated in other lands. It was a complete success, and thoroughly enjoyed by the large and appreciative audience.

January the ninth a regular meeting was held. The musical program given in the chapel by representatives from the three societies was of unusual excellence. The violin duet by the Misses Gentle and Kessi, from the Delphians, was delightfully rendered and greatly appreciated.

Roll call, answered by "Resolutions for Some One Else" was enjoyed and some valuable information concerning the shortcomings of the "other fellow" was learned. A Japanese drill by sixteen girls in costume added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. The chief number on the program, however, was a "Mock Trial" which was not only amusing but instructive, and was carried on in a very judicial-like manner. The solemn judge, the alert attorneys, the busy clerk, the necessary sheriff, and the twelve jurymen were all conscious of their responsibility. The downcast prisoner pleaded guilty as charged, but advanced extenuating cir-

cumstances. The witnesses gave the usual proportion of unrelated testimony and afforded much amusement to the spectators.

Saturday evening, January the tenth, there was a special meeting of the Delphians for the purpose of selecting an orator to represent the society in the intersociety tryout to be held soon. There were twelve contestants, representing the four classes of the Normal. The orations were of unusual excellence, and showed careful preparation on the part of the students. The judges, after much deliberation, gave Miss Iza Constable, whose subject was "The School as a Social Center," first place, and chose Miss Margaret Halvorsen, who had as her subject "Periodicals as Educators," as alternate. After the tryout, the contestants, judges and officers of the society were the guests of Miss Parrott, critic of the society, at an informal lunch at Morlan's. H. M.



VESPERTINES

On Friday evening, December the fifth, the "Boy Problem" was the central theme of the program. Miss Ehrenreich gave a



VESPERTINE OFFICERS

Left to right: Rose Lillie, Sergeant-at-Arms; Manie Ayres, Vice President; Gladys Carson, President; Laura Kennon, Critic; Irene Snere, Secretary; Beatrice Hotchkiss, Reporter; Grace Shields, Treasurer.

very delightful reading, showing the demands of a very small boy upon his father at two o'clock in the morning. Miss Edna Cox also gave a very entertaining reading. In line with the main subject Miss Ida Mack read an excellent paper on the "George Junior Republic," Miss Ella Hayden gave the "Psychology of Boy Criminals," and Miss Welsh read an interesting paper on the "Work of Judge Lindsay." Following this part of the program was parliamentary drill led by the February Seniors. Every one entered into the spirit of it and enjoyed it fully.

On Thursday evening, December the eighteenth, the Vespertines joined with the Delphians and Normals in giving a very elaborate Christmas program, in the form of a pageant showing how Christmas is observed in different foreign countries.

On Saturday evening, January the tenth, the Vespertines held the preliminary tryout for the inter-collegiate oratorical contest. The orations, or rather, the talks (for that was the form of discourse used,) were all of merit and well given. Miss Kate Henderson, whose subject was "The Woman Movement," won first place. Miss Minnie Morrell, whose subject was "Mexico," won second place. The girls who did not win feel, however, that they have had some valuable practice for next year. The variety of subjects touched upon is shown by the following list of contestants, and their titles: Miss Elda McDaniels, "Service as a Social Ideal;" Miss Edna Phillips, "Is Success Worth While?" Miss Pearl Miller, "Mothers;" Miss Ida Ehrenreich, "The Spirit of the American Flag;" Miss Hazel Workman, "School as a Social Center;" Miss Elsie Caldwell, "New Ideals in Politics."

B. H.



JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

The month of December was a busy one for the Juniors, who were well represented in the athletic field by the boys' and girls' basket ball teams. On December the fifth and eleventh class meetings were held for the purpose of practicing some rousing yells. Judging from the result of the games, the cheering must have done much to inspire our teams to do their best work.

Some of our Junior talent was displayed at the Christmas entertainment, in which numbers of our class participated.



SENIOR I's.

The class officers are as follows: Lyda Bell, Secretary; Carol Hogue, Treasurer; Iza Constable, President; Beatrice Hotchkiss, Reporter; Elda McDaniels, Vice President; C. E. Cody, Sergeant-at-Arms.

As the old year draws to its close, we of the '15 class of the Oregon Normal join heartily in the wish that the students and friends of the O. N. S. may have a very happy and prosperous new year.

C. S.



SOPHOMORE

The Sophomores have started the new year with a firm determination to make their class **the** class of O. N. S. Although they are few in number, they are not lacking in class spirit.

So far they have not devoted much of their time to social and literary pursuits, but they have saved it for the New Year.

The Sophomore girls have been doing some good work in basketball. They played one game with the Junior girls which was lost after a hard fight. The score was 19 to 23 in favor of the Juniors.

Four of the class members: Pearl Miller, Hazel Workman, Margaret Halverson and Laura Bell are contestants in their respective societies for the preliminary tryouts for the State Oratorical Contest.

L. B.

FRESHMEN

There were many girls who enjoyed themselves
On each vacation day.

Read this, and you will be sure to see
What each Freshman girl had to say.

On December nineteenth we left school
With hearts that were light and gay—
All but Loraine, who remained at home,
For 'twas there she would rather stay.

Ethel said that she liked best
Her visits to the city park.
Clare preferred to be home with the folks,
Whom she loves with all her heart.

Ruby said the best time she had had
Was the time of the New Year's dance.
She probably would have told us more,
But we didn't give her a chance.

Bertha looked lonesome when she returned,
For a friend she had left behind.
We may be mistaken, but we believe
That Vera's feelings were of the same kind.

The four Eastern Oregon girls have to tell
Of the sleigh rides they took every day;
These lucky girls you might as well know,
Are Charlotte, Lillian, Jessie and Fay.

Sitting around the fire roasting nuts
Was Caroline's great delight,
While Amy enjoyed the quiet rest
She had at her home every night.

Dorothy, of course, had a lovely time,
But her books she couldn't forget.

Nellie enjoyed her visit at home,
And told of the friends she had met.

But two of our girls remained at home,
They were Lottie and Nell;
They will miss hearing at the usual hour
The sound of the old school bell.

Although we hated to leave our freinds,
We thought of the ones we knew
Here at the dear old Normal
That we love with affection true.

L. M.



DORMITORY NOTES

On December seventeenth Miss Todd and Miss Davis gave a dinner party at the Dormitory in honor of the Normal faculty. The front hall and stairway were artistically decorated with mistletoe and tiny fir trees. Each table in the dining room was graced with a miniature Christmas tree and dainty poinsettia place cards. Just before dinner was announced all the girls gathered on the third floor and marched down into the dining room singing a Christmas carol. When all had reached their places the heads of the tables went to the front of the dining room and escorted the guests to their places, while the girls were still singing. After dinner Miss Todd led everybody into the living room, where she and Miss Davis had arranged a Christmas tree as a surprise for all. The tree was decorated in a rather unusual way, as it had, in addition to tiny red and green electric lights, a great number of green tissue paper packages on it. To each package was fastened a long green cord. Miss Todd then told a Christmas story about some fairies whose home was in a fir tree. Many years ago the tree had been cut down and sent away, and the fairies had been hunting for it ever since. When she had almost finished she instructed each person to take hold of one of the green cords, and at a signal from her, to pull. The signal was given and every one pulled—and, behold! the paper wrappings came off with the

cards, and there on the tree perched the fairies. They had at last found their home. After the tree had been admired for some time, the fairies were made the favors for the guests. Later all joined in that beautiful hymn, "Holy Night," after which the girls marched up to their rooms singing the Christmas carol. E. Y.



Y. W. C. A.

On December seventh Miss Parrott gave the girls of the Y. W. C. A. an excellent talk on the Y. W. C. A. league, connected with the Chicago University. She had attended a cabinet meeting and had obtained many valuable suggestions, which were very helpful to us in our work. We feel encouraged to know that we are working along the same lines that this large association in Chicago is.

We wish to thank Miss Parrott for the kindly interest she has shown us in our association.

As a closing message she gave us each a card on which was written this prayer:

PRAYER

"More things are brought by prayer than this world dreams of."—Tennyson.

Lord, for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray;

Keep me from stain of sin just for today;

Let me no wrong or idle word unthinking say;

Set thou a seal upon my lips just for today.—Wilberforce.

At the Christmas meeting Mr. Gilmore favored us with a solo, Miss Hoham accompanying. Their music was greatly appreciated by every one present.

We are looking forward with pleasure to an informal meeting of the Y. W. C. A. to be held at the home of Miss Taylor. A. M.



Miss Parrott:—"Now, I want you to sit up in the front seats so I can get you."



ALUMNI

Since publishing our last issue we have heard from Mr. E. R. Peterson of Medford, who is a supervisor in Jackson County. His letter contained a contribution for "The Norm," which we take great pleasure in publishing.

Mr. F. A. Golden,
County School Superintendent,
Marshfield, Oregon,

My dear Mr. Golden: Your letter came some days ago. I just returned from the country last evening. Today I am going to Jacksonville to attend a meeting of the District Boundary Board. Tomorrow morning I am to start on a trip that will require two weeks and will take me up among the Cascades. I have about an hour and a half before breakfast, so will attempt to answer some of your many questions.

How do I like the work in my new field? It suits me to a T. Several years ago I made up my mind that my work was to be among the rural schools. So here I am. No one is better pleased. To begin with, we have a delightful climate—in fact we have had no winter worthy of the name so far, though we have read of terrific storms all around us. Then we have the famous Rogue River orchards, beautiful mountain scenery surrounds us, with lakes, streams and waterfalls. All these abound with fish, game or birds. And what is best of all, the county is peopled with progressive farmers. Persons who have not made themselves at home among the farmers have no idea of the number of good people in the rural communities. Unless we mingle with them, eat and sleep in their homes, get into touch and sympathy with them—unless we do this, and do it in such a way that we get real enjoyment out of it, we never know the best side and the true nature of the farmer. It is not difficult for me to do this, because, as you know, my boyhood pranks were played on a farm. Combined with all this, we have a progressive, up-to-date and congenial superintendent to work with.

Most—in fact nearly all—of my time is spent on the road. Of course there is considerable office work, but I do most of this between supper and breakfast, and on Saturdays. I attend to a good deal of my correspondence while on the road. However, we must have headquarters somewhere. I have found that Medford

is the most convenient place. The three railroad lines center here. Mr. Chase, the other supervisor, and I have an office together. I have not been called upon to do any clerical work in the superintendent's office; but I assisted him during the teachers' examinations. We go to the office about once a month to have a talk with the superintendent on school matters.

As to how the rural schools here compare with those in Coos County, I am not prepared to say. It is three years since I worked there; and even then I was in touch with only a few of them. No doubt many changes have been made since then, there as well as here. I presume that schools have improved in both places under the present supervisory law. My impression is that the schools are better here now than the Coos schools were when I was there. This, of course, is not a fair comparison.

Relative to the teachers here as compared with those in Coos, the same is true as I said about the schools: I am not prepared to say. I do not know the present status of the teaching corps in Coos County, their preparations, etc. Here they vary in preparation from eighth grade graduates to those with college or university degrees. We have a very few normal trained teachers in the rural districts. We have quite a number just out of the city high schools—Medford, Ashland and Central Point. Some of these have had the advantage of the teachers' training course given in these schools. They are among the best teachers that we have—very well qualified for the work, energetic, ambitious, and withal, the proper spirit. As a whole, the spirit towards teaching here is very good. Here as elsewhere, of course, we have the lukewarm, the indifferent and the pining, whining kind. These, however are few in number as compared with the enthusiastic.

The salaries vary from \$40 to \$75. The average paid to teachers in one-room schools in Jackson County during the year 1912-1913 was a little over \$56.

For reporting to the superintendent, we have a regular form. First, a printed standard is posted in every school and the number of credits allowed for each point. They are as follows: School building—comfortable and in good repair; well-lighted, with window shades properly adjusted; cross lights avoided; building well painted; suitable place for hats, cloaks, lunches, etc.; heating system or jacket around stove; ventilating system or window boards. School grounds—cleared and graded if necessary; free from paper and other rubbish; toilets clean and in good condition; fuel house in good condition and ample supply of fuel; sidewalks to road and out buildings, if necessary; grounds fenced, unless otherwise protected from stock; artificial adornment; playground equipment. Sanitation—water tested and approved and kept in covered vessel with faucet; sanitary fountain or individual drinking cups; floor oiled to prevent dust;

paper towels and liquid soap; proper attention to heating and ventilating. Furnishings—sufficient number of good desks of proper height and properly arranged; teacher's desk and at least TWO good chairs; ample amount of good blackboards; reasonable amount of school room apparatus; at least two supplementary readers for each pupil in the first three grades; flag; musical instruments or stereoptican; one credit for each of the first three framed standard pictures; other schoolroom adornment.

Library—a well-selected collection of books kept in the school house; all supplied with pockets and cards; kept upright on shelves; record book with all books properly recorded; enclosed bookcase; annual expenditure to duplicate or exceed the amount received from the county library fund.

Care of Schoolroom—floor clean and furnishings free from dust; stove blackened; blockboards clean; hats, lunches, etc., in proper place; teacher's and pupils' desks in order; no pencil marks on furniture or walls.

Organization—daily program posted in room and copy filed with the supervisor or superintendent; register properly and neatly kept and monthly reports promptly made; course of study followed; pupils' monthly report cards used.

Teacher—work well prepared and careful assignment of lessons; at school by 8:30 each morning; regular school hours; take at least one standard school magazine; follow suggestions of the supervisor; attendance, 95 per cent or better, 10 credits; 92 to 95, 7 credits; 90 to 92, 5 credits; no cases of tardiness, 10 credits; 1 per cent or less, 8 credits; over 1 per cent and not in excess of 3 per cent, 5 credits.

All the points herein named total 200 credits. When a school earns 175, it is made a standard school. We have a printed form on which we can make a report of all these conditions in a very small space. This is made in triplicate; one copy is left with the teacher, one sent to the superintendent's office and one retained in the supervisor's book. Most of my schools run from 120 to 150. I have seven standard districts.

You asked if I take charge and do regular class work. I seldom do; as a rule I never do unless asked by the teacher to do so. I may do more of this in the future. I have been rather feeling my way into the work, getting acquainted with pupils, teachers and patrons. I believe that a person must get into close touch with and gain the sympathy and co-operation of the people that he is to work with before he can accomplish results. Whenever a good opportunity presents itself to make a suggestion to the teacher, I take advantage of it; especially if she asks a question on something definite. Wherever I think it will do any good, I encourage pupils and teacher to work for as many credits

as possible toward a standard, even though it may not be possible for them to get the required number to make theirs a standard school. I still feel the influence of the talks that you used to give us; I think that some of the substance goes into what I pass on to the boys and girls here. You may have forgotten, but I well remember one day when we had gathered in the assembly hall to rehearse some songs for "Banner Day." You remember how we used to do it. Well, on this particular day when we were about to begin, the music was missing.

I boldly suggested that it might have fallen behind the piano. You pulled one end out from the wall and took a look. Then you turned around and said, "Nothing there but dirt." Everyone looked at me and roared. You remember, I was the janitor. Just at that particular time I was red. Well, it was a pretty hard slap, but a good lesson. I have not forgotten it, nor am I likely to while I have any memory. I also recall how you used to come into the rooms in the morning, turning your head from one side to the other to see if you could locate a streak of dust on the desks. After I found out how you did it, I did the same—only I did it before you got there so that there wouldn't be any left for you to find. My eye is still in training for such things when I am in the schoolroom. But I am not so bold in speaking about them to the teachers as you were to me. Sometimes I tell a little story to the children for the benefit of the teacher.

While I have not called any community meetings, I make it a point to attend as many as possible that are called. I was present at four such gatherings during the closing days just before Christmas. I have a Babcock milk tester with which I have given demonstrations in many of the schools, explaining its use and method of working. We are also working to get the boys ready for competing in agricultural contests next year.

As to the sentiment here toward the supervisory, so far as I can see on the surface, it seems to be very good. Of course, while there is no occasion to make the matter an issue, you can not tell what the real sentiment might be. I could not ask to be received more cordially than I am by the pupils, teachers and patrons in all districts. I receive verbal and written invitations from people to place their homes on my stopping list.

Altogether in my territory there are forty-one schools. These, however, have not all opened this year. I have had thirty-eight in session. I have no regular time for making my rounds, but keep going nearly all of the time. When I have made the rounds once, I begin over again. Sometimes, however, I go to a district out of its regular turn, when there is special work to take me. Just recently I had a case where there were several children out of the reach of any school. I made two trips there within two months. Occasionally there is a dispute or misunderstanding

between the board members or between teacher and patrons. Sometimes I am sent out to investigate and settle such difficulties if possible.

Practically all of the schools here are closed during the mid-summer months. A good many of them are closed also during the worst winter months. The winter schools predominate.

How do I get around to my schools? Just any old way—rail, bike, stage, afoot, parcels post or auto. I have not yet made any of my territory by air ship—and I was going to say that I had not gone by boat, but I recall that I did cross the river in a boat. I have never failed to be on schedule time but once. Then the train was late. Its time for leaving was put on the bulletin board, and then it pulled out twenty minutes early. I have no difficulty in getting around, but it is not so easy to carry my luggage. The parcels post, however, is a big help to me in this matter. I can send my large suit case, full, to almost any place in my district for twenty to twenty-five cents.

This, I think, about covers your questions. I am in too much of a hurry to invent any more just now, so shall have to close. Under separate cover I am sending you some of our forms. Remember, I am always glad to hear from you. I may possibly arrange to visit some of your schools with you next summer—about July. Give my regards to Mrs. Golden and the girls.

Thanking you for writing, and wishing you continued success, I remain

Sincerely your friend,

E. R. PETERSON.



During the past semester it has not been the aim of this department to examine our exchanges in a too critical way. It has been our aim to keep watch upon the large student activities in other schools and to comment on them from time to time.

Our exchanges fall under three general heads: The first are those from normal schools, which deal with material most interesting to teachers; the second comprises the publications of our largest institutions, which are published weekly or oftener and deal wholly with the every-day activities of the school; the third class are those edited where the short story predominates.

Keeping this in mind, it has been hard to make a very critical survey, yet as a whole our exchanges are creditable.

Those who have had experience in editing school papers have found that more money is required to put out a creditable paper than they can command. Too many times a paper is criticized because of its poor appearance, when in all probability the publishers are doing the best they can with their limited funds.

The former students of the State Normal School of Bellingham, Washington, have shown their loyalty to their Alma Mater by organizing a Bellingham Normal Club in Lewis County, Washington. The purpose of the club, while largely social, is also to boost for Bellingham in that part of the state. There are counties in Oregon where the former students of the O. N. S. might successfully organize a similar club to boost for the O. N. S.

The students of Reed College have lately adopted a new charter for "The Quest." It provides that the Quest Editorial Board, which shall have charge and control of the editorial and news columns of the paper, shall consist of members who have done various amounts of work at Reed College or its equivalent. The mem-

bers are to hold office for one year, and the student body shall assume the responsibility for the financial obligations of "The Quest."

"The Weekly Index" of Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon, announces that James J. Hill has renewed his offer of forty thousand dollars to P. U. and extends the time to May 1, 1916.

"The Oregon Emerald," U. of O., Eugene, Oregon, prints the following item concerning a booklet containing suggestive topics for Parent Teachers' Meetings:

"HOW TO ATTRACT PARENTS

Topics for Parent-Teacher Meetings Available from U. of O.

A booklet for free distribution, which the University would like to see in the hands of every teacher in the state, has just been published by the Extension Department, and is entitled "Suggested Topics for Parent-Teacher Meetings." It is part of the University's program for bringing about wide-spread instruction in the schools.

"Parent-Teacher meetings can be made the liveliest place in the community at this time," says the booklet, "because of so much available material for study."

"It does not take much argument to convince any observing parent or teacher," says the booklet again, "that there is much waste in ordinary school processes—not waste of money merely, but that which is far more vital, the waste of the child's interests, waste as to his natural energy, as to his time."

The University's course in the conservation of the school child is conducted through these parent-teacher meetings, through correspondence and through special lectures where desired, all without expense of any kind to the recipients of instruction. Health is placed above everything. The saving and directing of the child's mental forces comes next.

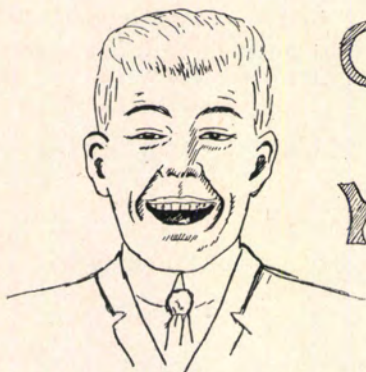
We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges since our last issue: "The Record," Buffalo State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.; "The Review," McMinnville College, Oregon; "The Weekly Index," P. U., Forest Grove, Oregon; "The O. A. C. Barometer," O. A. C., Corvallis, Oregon; "The Reed College Quist," Reed College, Portland, Oregon; "Eugene High School News," Eugene High School, Eugene, Oregon; "The Crucible," C. S. T. C.,

Greely, Colorado; "The Quarterly Review," Gaston High School, Gaston, Oregon; "Oregon Emerald," U. of O., Eugene, Oregon; "The Pacific Star," Mt. Angel College, Mt. Angel, Oregon; "The Messenger," Bellingham State Normal, Bellingham, Washington; "St. Helen's Hall Quarterly," St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon; "The Hesperian," O. C. H. S., Oregon City, Oregon; "The Crescent," P. C., Newberg, Oregon; "The Orderly," H. M. A., Portland, Oregon; "Philomath College Chimes," Philomath College, Philomath, Oregon; "The Columbiad," Columbia University, Portland, Oregon.

G. W.



Oh, what is so rare as 10 in Lit,
That for once is a perfect day,
But the teachers soon put your mind in a fog
And over you softly their rules do spray.
Whether you look or whether you listen,
You hear students murmur
And see zero's glisten,
Every mind feels a stir of night;
An instinct within that compels us to strive,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to an average of 75.



Get
the
Habit.



Lives of editors remind us
That our lives are not sublime,
That they have to work like thunder
To get their copy out on time.

Ex.

Mr. Ostein (in geometry)—“Who solved the first geometrical problem?”

Miss Cameron—“Noah.”

Mr. Ostein—“How’s that?”

Miss Cameron—“Well, didn’t he construct an arc B. C.?”

Mr. Gentle—“My, but it is a terribly windy day! I had a most disagreeable experience on the street. I lost my hat and my temper, but I went back and picked up my hat. Come right in, students, and take the front seats.”

Mr. Bennett—“Is there a 12:50 meeting today?”

Other party—“Yes.”

Mr. Bennet—“Well, if a person wants an education he had better get it before coming to the Normal.”

Evelyn Segal—“What is courtship, Mr. Butler?”

Mr. Butler—“As I am the only one in the room who has had experienced the ordeal I shall tell you. It is the mutual exchange of good will.”

Mr. Gilmore—"What is certified milk?"

Miss Mass—"Well, its where everything must be white, man and all, even the milk."

Miss Hawley (in agriculture class)—"A beef cow should be round and square."

Mr. Butler—"They can't hear you. I hear them listening for you."

Mr. Gilmore (in Physics class)—"What is steam, Miss Shields?"

Grace Shields—"Water gone crazy with the heat."

Miss Oakes—"Oh, I'm so hungry. I guess I'll turn into a poet so I won't have to eat so much."

Miss Sawyer—"I'd like to turn into a restaurant."

Mr. Gilmore is called from recitation room.

Miss Harper—"I'll bet the baby has a tooth."

Clarence Hesseltine—"Naw, it said something."

His jaw was set,
His lips were firm,
He stood there like a hero;
Because his questions made me squirm,
He jotted down a zero.

One day Ranie Burkhead bought a new pair of shoes. A pair of nine's fitted perfectly. Howard Morlan said, "Now you can stand in those and sing, 'How Firm a Foundation.'"

Ranie retorted—"The storekeeper can sing, 'A Charge to Keep I Have.'"

Such clappings in the chapel,
The girls with joy insane,
When it was said, "A new man
Will come on Sunday's train."

Mr. Butler—"Who else among the ladies shoots a gun?"

Mr. Cady raises his hand.

Mr. Butler—"All right, Mr. Cady, tell us how."

Someone wants to know why the boys do not attend Y. M. C. A.

"Doctor," said Rose Lillie, after he had pronounced it a case of mumps, "Invite all the girls in. I'm in a position now where I can give them all something."

Mr. Butler, in professional history, was explaining about the new kind of gun which takes pictures when the shot is fired. Miss Nelson brilliantly replied "Well, then, you'd get the picture if you didn't get anything else, wouldn't you?"

Mr. Evenden, holding Ranie Burkhead on his lap in a crowded auto, said: "Well, this is a little bigger lapful than I'm used to, eh?"

Heard, after visiting the ice plant:

Mr. Gilmore—"Miss Parker, how is ice made?"

Miss Parker—"Freezing water."

Who is always jolly and gay?

Always laughing her sorrow away?

Feeling bright and happy all day?

Laura Bell.

Who is suffering from disease of the heart?

Who has been hit by Cupid's dart?

Whose heart goes at a double quick rate

When he sees a maid so sweet and sedate?

Will Burton.

Who answers so bravely to the call,

And in Lit takes many a fall?

Who with big words stuns us all?

Mr. Dunton.

Who always wonders why men do not know,
That she's willing to walk with them wherever they
go?

Who likes to dance with a real live man,
And dance with each as long as she can?
Dae Clodfelter.

Who thinks married life is a snap?
Who wonders where hubby is at?
Who, when vacation comes,
Straight to Corvallis runs?
Mrs. Hinds.

Who has a voice so slow and sweet?
Who runs from the Normal girls if he thinks they'll
meet?
Who walks around the town alone,
Wondering who's with the girls at home?
Mr. Cady.

Clem Cameron—"I can't find my pencil. It was a red one
and I had it in my hair."

Evelyn Segal—"You shouldn't carry a red pencil in your hair.
No wonder you can't find it."

The Seven Wonders:

Florence Hill's diamond(?)
Mr. Bennett's Grin.
Lyda Bell's Knowledge.
Evelyn Segal's Height.
Miss Butler's Proposal.
Mr. McCarty's New Suit.
Byron White's Giggle.

Orrie Steinberg: (On way to game at Independence) "My!
It's so cold tonight, Jane said I would better take a comforter."
Will Burton:—"You can take me; I'll be your comforter."

COMINGS AND GOINGS IN THE OFFICE

Miss Dunsmore unlocked the office door one morning about 7:00. She thought she would get much work done before many people were about. She had just seated herself at the typewriter when the 'phone rang.

Telephone message:

"Oh! Katie, will you please tell Catherine when she comes home to come in through the cellar door and up the back stairs; I've painted the floor. Please!

Hello! Miss Dunsmore? Will you please see that Mrs. Hinds hands in my name for the next dance? She is so forgetful; this is Mr. Hinds. Good bye!"

Enter Mr. Butler.

"Will you please take a few dictations?" (Katie writes for fifteen minutes)—"And just add—" (She adds for forty-five minutes.)

Enter student:—"Where are the excuse blanks? What date was it a week ago Tuesday? Where's a pen and ink?"

Miss Dunsmore points to blanks on table, then to calendar, and pen and ink on the table.

Bells ring.

Enter Mr. Ackerman.

"Will you please find these people at once?" (Hands her list that takes her from attic to cellar).

Enter student: Who's that new man in the office? Is he going to school here? Isn't he a swell? You get to see all the men that come here, don't you? Have you heard when Mr. Pittman will be back?

Enter two students:

Carol: "May I leave my tennis racket here? Where's a good place to put it? You won't let anyone get it, will you?"

Jessie Wagner: "Say, Katie, will you give this to Myrtle, and tell her that Alemda gave it to me to give to her?"

Mr. Gentle: "I have a short letter to write. May I use the typewriter?"

(Writes for half an hour.)

Noon bells bring relief.

M. M. and A. M.

Just Arrived

We have just received our first shipment of spring embroideries and are now showing an immense line of embroidered neige, voils and venice flouncings in dainty patterns. We also have a large line of the new things in spring wash goods containing all new things in brocaded ratines, crepe, etc.

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INFORMATION: For further information, address J. H. Ackerman, President, Monmouth, Oregon.

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